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ALLELUIA!

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

O when from His creative hand
  Godlike His chosen image sprung,
Full-orbed the song whose utterance grand
  Led by Isfariel's silver tongue,
Like vast melodious winds awoke
  From golden flute and trumpet blown,
Ruffled the palms of Heaven, and broke
  In thunder round the great white throne!

And crowding all the rosy heights
  And flowery slopes of paradise,
The shouting angels saw the lights
  Of young creation's dawn arise.
Vailed from the lightnings of His face
  Hierarch and arch-angel stood,
And all the starry chords of space
  Swelled the glad anthem, "God is Good!"

Thro' the vast gamut of His praise
  Rang the triumphant pean—"Crown
Him! Glorious of the Ancient Days!"
  And cast their wreaths of Victory down.
And "Holy! Holy! Holy!" soars
  One matchless voice—the harps reply:
"Lift up your heads, ye golden doors!
  The King of Glory passeth by!"

"Hosannah in the Highest! Hail!
  Great Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!"
Before His shining face they vail
  Them in the glory of their wings.
And all the sounding chords of space
  Smote by the Sons of Morning rang;
"Glory to God! Good-will and peace
  On Earth!" the answering angels sang! * * *

NORWOOD;
OR
VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER VII.

A MERRY CHAPTER.

A wagon loaded with empty barrels drove up to Tommy Taft's one morning.

"Mr. Brett wants to know if you can fix those barrels to-day? The heads want resetting, and all of 'em want hoops. These two, he says, [illegible] apiece, besides the hickory."

"Get away with your barrels! Do you think I'm going to work to-day? No, by Josey—I don't, as long as, 'I can read my title clear!' It would be just as wicked to work to-day as if it was a Sabby day."

"Why what's the matter, Uncle Tommy?"

"Matter enough—matter enough! We've got another baby! Old woman's up there now. I'm goin' up to the prospect. Work? Not by a jug-full! Tumble off your barrels! They won't spile afore to-morrow. Where's old Smasher? Come here, old fellow. Let's go up to the doctor's."

From such an address one would look to see some man appear as Uncle Tommy's companion. But it was to his wooden leg that he addressed the endearing epithet of old Smasher.

Tommy Taft was about forty-five years old. A big head he had, round, and bald down to the top of his ears, but at that point, for some reason, the hair refused to retreat, and sprang up with such vigor that it looked like an *abattis;* as if the hair, driven down from the heights, determined to make a stand and fight for its rights. His eyes were small, grey, sunk deeply beneath bold eyebrows, whose hair was wonderfully luxuriant, curling over, and standing out, in immense profusion. A big nose, that hung on his face like an old-fashioned door-knocker, and a wide mouth, completed his portrait, which was framed in by bushy whiskers, carried under his chin, leaving the chin and both lips shorn smooth. His voice was rough and deep, and his manner of all sorts that ever were found in man, except, always, a refined manner. He had been a sailor all his long life, and brought inland into this quiet village, all the odd and outlandish ways which a seafaring life, in olden times, was wont to breed.

Why is it that children take to these great shaggy natures, seemingly attracted by those very appearances which would seem likely to repel them? Children act by sympathy. A warm *heart* attracts them, and when once a child's confidence is gained, these rudenesses of person become agreeable, as something out of the common way. It is that element in manners or person, which the heart inspires, that wins children.

Who in the village did not like Tommy? Not a child under fifteen, certainly. His poor old shop and house was the fascination of all the young folks of the village and of the country round. The ground floor was a cooper shop and general tinkering establishment; up stairs were two rooms, plain to rudeness, and as rough in furnishing as if they had been hewed out and fitted by a sailor's axe on a desolate island after a shipwreck, and of as ill-assorted materials as a shipwreck would be apt to cast up. Yet, there was an indescribable air of comfort and peace in the two rooms.

When Uncle Tommy was good natured he seemed always to be comically in sympathy with his wife, in external things. He was always good natured when he was sober. He was sober nearly nine-tenths of his time. When these infrequent moods were on him he was apt to be profane, but never blasphemous or foul. He alternated, during such excesses, between scolding his wife, and religious exercise of various kinds.

"It's as good as a play," said Hiram, "to hear Uncle Tommy when he gets the steam up."

But as soon as he recovered from his aberation, Tommy came down from his height of morality and religion, and became gracious and helpful, with a rough disinterestedness which was quite touching. All the children repaired to him, to have their toys mended, for which he could never be persuaded to take a penny. Boys' knives with broken backs, or blades, or handies, went into hospital with him; their skates and sleds in winter, and their kites, and traps, and gun-locks in summer, were his peculiar charge, and his invariable answer was, "Oh, we mustn't charge children anything." The cheery old fellow was full of quips and pranks, of stories of adventure, drawn from his former seafaring life, or from the full volume of sailors' yarns, which had accumulated in his long years of cruising. While he was willing to take compensation from grown people, he was sure to reject any attempt on the parents' part to requite him by overpayment for his services to their children.

He was known, too, to perform services for those poorer than himself, who were also more helpless. An old black woman who lived by "washing," had fallen sick with rheumatism; Uncle Tommy was heard every evening for a week, sawing away busily at her wood, until he had provided enough for her needs. A gate that had got unhinged, would some morning be found safely tinkered back to its duty.

If a poor creature's bucket was going to pieces, in some mysterious manner it got to itself a new hoop, and the bail was secured again, by a rivet in the ear. The pump-pin was replaced when lost by a new one. These and such like services he delighted to render freely to those who were comparatively helpless.

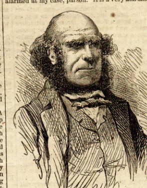
The jolly old fellow had a wink and a word for everybody, and his passage through the street was celebrated by a stirring, merry out-burst, and to everybody according to his kind.

It was impossible to separate between his humor and earnestness, between conviction and waggery.

Good Parson Buell sometimes visited his shop in the regular rounds of parochial duty, and attempted to talk faithfully with him. Tommy owned everything—made no resistance—yea, went before the minister and beyond him, in self-accusations.

"Do you not feel that you are a sinner?"

"I know that I am, parson, a sinner—an awful sinner; and without excuse. I live below my privileges; I don't live up to my light and knowledge. To set under such preachin' as I do, Parson Buell, and not to be better'n I am, is a great sin; and I'm afeerd that I get harder and harder, and that I am puttin' off the day of repentance, and sinnin' away my opportunities, and wastin' my day of grace. It is a surprisin' thing in me! I don't wonder that you are alarmed at my case, parson. It is a very alarmin' case—I know it is. It has been alarmin' for more'n forty years. I ought to repent, that's sartain! Why shouldn't I? It is well said that it is time for sinners to be surprised in Zion. The rest of the varse, too, is very alarmin'. 'Who among us shall dwell with devourin' fire, and who among us shall dwell with everlastin' burnings?' It is sartinly time that I should repent of my evil thoughts, and my drinkin', and of my swearin', and of my manifold evil ways and deeds, and I hope, parson, you will pray for me."


[UNCLE TOMMY TAFT.]

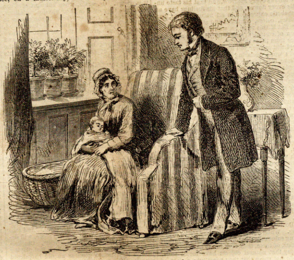
This and such like speeches were not said with the slightest accent of drollery and still less of scoffing. Dr. Buell himself could not have uttered them in a manner more entirely proper. He never seemed in haste to finish the conversation. He would follow the parson to the gate, still descanting on the sinfulness of sin, and admitting every argument, and bringing it home upon himself with such a zeal that Dr. Buell found nothing to do. As the good man left, an indescribable sense of mirth twinkled in Tommy's eyes, and happy was the child that needed his services after a visit from his pastor. He laughed and bubbled over with fun, and contrived some new plaything, or rejoiced the urchin with some queer story, and sent him home happy as a king!

Tommy Taft was always a sailor. Among other notions was that of eating with his sheath-knife, which was an exaggerated jack-knife, with a hole bored in the handle and tied to his belt, which he wore instead of suspenders, by a long yarn or string. At table he would draw out old *Rouser* as he named it, and refuse any other knife.

Could any contrast be greater than his wife? Gentle, patient, happy, with an undertone of sadness, which was a shadow to the high light; refined in expression, delicate in action. She seemed like a morning glory that had run up on the knots and rugged bark of an oak tree. Whatever rough usage she received at his hands, none ever knew of it from her; whatever discrepancy or uncongeniality there might be between them, there was no sign of it.

Every day, when her home duties were done, Mother Taft slipped forth for an hour to see some person in trouble. She had a remarkable instinct in finding out trouble. Better than a physician or the nurse, she knew who was sick. Better than the clergyman, she knew who was in sorrow. Nor is it extravagant to say, that, better than all these, she knew the art of bringing consolation to those who were in sorrow. Whatever the history of her own past life, her victory had made her a leader for others in the dark land.

When Widow Barnes' only boy was brought home dead, flung from a horse in a drunken race, on a muster-day, the first person who came, after his companions had laid him down, was Mother Taft. All that night she was with her—in silence herself—doing everything, listening to the mother's distracted utterances, keeping away intrusive curiosity, and with exquisite instinct, encouraging her grief, that it might spend itself, and be the sooner comforted.


[A SCENE IN THE NURSERY.]

When Maggie Keech had been turned out of her father's house, it was Mother Taft that went after her, and brought her to her own chamber, and nursed her in her sickness, and when she was again strong enough to work, secured for her, in a neighboring town, a place. Happily, the babe had died.

Go where you would, you would soon meet Mother Taft there, if there was trouble. Like Uncle Tommy, she received wages of the prosperous, but of those in moderate circumstances, nothing would she take. She served others for the reason that birds sing, because she loved to; for the reason that dews fall upon flowers, because such is the nature which the heavens gave it. Born in the air, the dew hides in the day-time, but comes to all things in their night and darkness to deck them in beauty.

How odd that she should ever have married such a man! But they were so utterly unlike that she could not help it. Her peacefulness felt the attraction of his great, boisterous way. Her silence marvelled at his elemental talk, which rained, and blew, and at times burst out into squalls, as if his mouth were the very cave of the winds. Her trustful simplicity admired his shrewdness and penetration of human nature. Her literal soul that never conceived a jest, nor understood wit, or humor, how could it help going to a nature whose every sentence was so balanced that it might be taken either way—earnest or ironical?

In one of these New-England villages, there is nothing so original and racy as a great strong nature that dares to say just what it thinks. Common people are restrained by law, by moral teachings, by public sentiment, by interest, by fear. Their real thoughts are smothered, or kept alive in silence. They dare not coin them into words and put them in circulation. They become so used to caution and social conformity that they cease at length to know how much each man is the echo of the other.

Then comes along a great-footed man, like an elephant, with nothing to gain or lose by men's opinions, and determined to say what he has a mind to.

He runs against custom, throws down the fences, plunges across gardens and fields! If, however, he has a human heart and at bottom is just and kind, men come to admire his audacity and to enjoy his blunt speeches, especially if he have great faults. Men's infirmities are the strongest bonds of sympathy. No matter how much better a man is than we, he shall be forgiven if he is also in some things a great deal weaker than we. Uncle Tommy was poor—that was one good fault; he was never "overcome," but sometimes he was "exalted" by strong drink—that was another redeeming fault. Being a sinner, men forgave his liberties!

"No work to-day. Tell old Brett, if he don't like it, to cooper his own barrels! We've got a baby, up at the doctor's. I'm going to put on Smasher and go up and see how things are gettin' on."

Soon he bolted out upon the street, and, on coming up to the corner, Hiram Beers shouted out across the street:

"Halloo, old Dot-and-Go One! where are you bound?"

"Better put a snaffle-bit in your mouth, my old jockey, to hold that tongue of yours. They say you opened singin'-school for the crows, Hiram, and they wouldn't come, 'cos it made their voices rough imitating yours—did ye?"

Hiram looked up the street, as if listening to something in the road, and then, with a look of feigned surprise, said:

"Why, I thought I heard a two-hoss wagon runnin' away. Was that your leg, Tommy, making such a rattle? Why don't you ile it? When you go along the street, I should think a hundred cupboard-doors were caught in a gale of wind!"

Having thus exchanged amiable salutations, Hiram came over. "How are you, old customer, anyhow?"

"Jolly as a crew just paid off. Goin' down to see my lady. Old woman been down there for a month—child born two days ago—goin' down to see it."

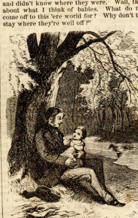
All the children born under the administration of Mother Taft, Tommy considered as belonging to his family, and always spoke of them as his own. A stranger would hear him recount his children with amazement at the extent of his parentage.

A little further on, one might have heard, loud enough for a deaf man's ears, a new salutation.

"Good morning, Parson Buell, good morning! You're looking well. Study too much, I expect; but ye stand it well. Good sermons aint drawn up easy as buckets of water! Have to work for 'em. Mighty sermon that, Sunday morning! This old sinner felt it. Says I, 'if there wasn't another soul that knew it, there was two, in that audience, that knew what a good sermon was, and that was Parson Buell and Tommy Taft!' Am goin' down to Wentworth's. Wouldn't you like to go? I'm not ashamed to be seen walkin' with you! You see, I can get you in. Wouldn't let common folks in so early. But Ma'am Taft, you know, has advantages, and will give us a sight."

Then his voice changing and lowering, he added:

"Parson Buell, it's the unaccountablest thing what the Lord sends children into this world for, considerin' what sort of a place 'tis, and what a time folks have in gettin' thro' it. Lord! they die off like apple-blossoms, half on 'em, afore they're bigger'n mice. And the rest of 'em have a hard time gittin' grown, and when you've got 'em growed, half the folks are paddling round as if they didn't exactly know what they come on airth for; and nobody can tell 'em, for that matter. I never see babies but I think how we used to have birds come aboard ship, way out to sea—landbirds, and *so* tired, poor little things, and hungry. You could go up to 'em and take 'em in your hand, and they turned up their bright eyes with such a piteous look at you, as if they had come from ever so far, and lost their way, and didn't know where they were. Wall, that's about what I think of babies. What do they come off to this 'ere world for? Why don't they stay where they're well off?"


["SHE IS FOOD AND MEDICINE TO ME—I HAVE TWO LIVES NOW."]

Buell was well used to all Tommy Taft's vagaries, and he had that good sense and tact among men which enabled him to take every one in his own way; so he walked onward with Uncle Tommy to Dr. Wentworth's gate, talking just enough to avoid a conversation.

Uncle Tommy's expectations were fully realized. Though visitors were not yet expected, yet Mother Taft proved a friend at court. Parson Buell had humored queer Tommy Taft, not expecting that he would succeed. When he found himself invited in, he feign would decline. Tommy would not allow it. "Never'll do in the world, Parson; shouldn't have come so far, if you didn't mean to go further. Can't get away now. Must go in if ye're civil."

"But, Taft," said the perplexed worthy, "I have another errand. You must excuse me."

"Parson Buell, you know excuses are dangerous. You shouldn't shirk your duty. Duties never conflict, you said, only Sabby-day morning last. Don't you remember? Hope you don't forget your own sermons, Parson? That's other folks' business."

And so, like a slow ship with a tug pulling away at its side, Buell found himself, half laughing and half vexed, ushered in by Tommy under circumstances slightly inclining to the ludicrous.

The babe was brought down by Mother Taft, Agate Bissell following. She was now again house-keeper, as she had been prime minister to Mrs. Wentworth ever since her arrival in Norwood. For, in this tall, slender New-England woman, she discerned from the first, an amount of energy, conscientious fidelity, and real affection, which paid a thousand times over for the inconveniences arising from her hard manner, her inflexible precision, and her despotic regularity.

Tommy seized the babe from his wife's arms, and fairly danced with delight. He chuckled, and chirruped, and Ho-ho'd, as if his reason had left him. Rough as he was, no nurse ever held a babe more tenderly and dextrously.

But when he suddenly thrust it upon Parson Buell, who was talking with stately Agate Bissell, the good minister held it in his hands as if it was something which he dared not drop and could not hold.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Tommy, "is it hot, that ye are so awkward about it?"

Mother Taft came to his relief, and the good minister, leaving messages of kindness, was glad to get away from the office of a nurse and, full as much, from the officious humour of Tommy Taft, who, however, followed him to the very door.

"A good baby, parson, but come to a poor world. A sinful world. If it had known what's good for itself, it had better staid away. P'rhaps it weren't asked about it! Very likely. But we must make the best on't now."

Turning back from the door, Uncle Tommy found Agate Bissell ready to express her mind.

"Taft, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You stick to that good man like a burr. You've no more respect for your betters than a bull has for good manners."

"What now, Miss Bissell?" said Taft, with an innocent and injured look; "would you have me run away from the minister?"

"No—but you had no need to make a nurse of him, and make him feel ridiculous with this baby in his arms."

"He *did* look ridiculous, didn't he?" said Tommy, with a joyous acquiescence.

"Of course he don't know how to tend babies. If it had been a book he could have handled it, I warrant ye."

"What a pity," said Uncle Tommy, with a very sober air, "that babies weren't born like books. Then they wouldn't trouble anybody—could put 'em up on a shelf, have 'em always dry—take 'em down when you want to use 'em—never grow any bigger—no trouble to anybody."

"What do you know about 'em?" said Agate, with great precision. "Children are from the Lord, and they come on his errands and in such manner as pleases him. And it don't please him to send them by *men!* Naturally a baby is a woman's care, and men are always awkward about such things. Everything in its place."

"But don't you think, Miss Bissell, that if they come on the Lord's arrants, they forget what they come for, afore they get far along? If the Lord's got any arrants, seems to me he ought to send something better'n these little creeturs, that keep two or three folks busy the best part of their time for two or three years, and then die off their hands."

"It's a pity that a baby didn't die about the time you were small," said Agate Bissell, straightening up, and turning somewhat scornfully away from Tommy to his wife, who, good soul, sat quietly by, as if the conversation was merely a little wind out of the window whistling through the sweet brier bushes.

"There'd have been lots of crying and sobbin' if I had died young," said Uncle Tommy, with a wink at his antagonist.

Nothing ever provoked Agate Bissell so much as one of Uncle Tommy's winks. She deigned neither a word nor a look—but walked out of the room, pale and straight as a candle, and as if she thought that with her all the light would go out too.

Mother Taft mildly expostulated. "Father, what do you love to provoke her for? She's *so* good."

"I'd as lief tend flowers with a crowbar as to have one of them old maids about with little babies. I wonder she don't take the little creetur in her work-bag and walk off to prayer meetin' with it! You need to watch her, mother, or she'll bile down a catechism instead of mint or catnip, when the child has wind."

And with that he insisted on another look at Rose, who lay sleeping, as unconscious of all this whir of talk, as a rose bud in March hidden deep in the bush is of the rough winds. The old man really looked beautiful as he gazed on the child, and his face seemed to catch something of the purity and brightness of childhood.

How strangely such a tender spot appears in an old, rude nature, like Tommy's. Rough in speech, audacious in manner, a non-conformist to all the customs of society, yet, for children, showing a rich and wonderful love, that cast its light over all his faults, and left something of beauty upon them!

So an old oak tree—too old for acorns, too old for leaves, almost dead, rugged and vast, yet bears up on its shaggy branches bunches of vivid green mistletoe most beautiful,—rejoicing as if decay and death were better to it than life.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SOBER CHAPTER.

For months little Rose lay sleeping for the greatest part of the time, folded up in the finest wool, waking into good nature for an hour and then gently sinking back into the land of sleep and dreams. The doctor came often to the unconscious little creature, as she lay upon Mother Taft's lap, and gazed upon her in silence and deep thought, as if he expected some revelation from her face. He waited for signs of intelligence as one waits for a star to arise.

"She is a rose indeed, Doctor," said Mother Taft—"is she not?"

"A moss-rose, if you call these blankets the moss, and its face like the tiny bud in which no color yet begins to appear."

"Ah, well, children don't come up blossom first like hyacinths, and that great red amaryllis. They are like laylocks and honeysuckles, that grow a year or two before they get a place for blossoms to stand on."

And with that the good dame brought up the blanket about the baby's face like a hood, kissing the little red lips, which, by the way, she did with every operation, as if kisses were pins, to hold fast each plait and fold and tuck.

As the child began to dawn into consciousness more and more, the father's spirit seemed to hover about her, waiting, like one before a door, for some one to come forth. As the summer warmed, she was often carried by him upon short rides.

"I am expecting, my dear," said his wife, "that one of these days you will prescribe that child to some patient, instead of medicine."

"She is food and medicine to me, at any rate. I have two lives now."

"Ah, and then you do not count me?"

"Certainly—you and I count one, and Rose makes two."

A vast elm grew upon the eastern side of his dwelling, not far from a clear brook, which made its way from the hills down through the meadows to the Connecticut river. On this rich soil, and near a copious supply of water, which the elm so much loves, it had become one of those immense domes of which almost every New-England village has one at least, but in which Norwood was peculiarly rich. The huge trunk rose some fifteen feet before dividing, and then sent off a number of separate stems, each one of which might, if alone, constitute a large tree. These, still subdividing, at last spread out into a vast concave, and the pendulous branches, with graceful curves, returning on every side, like a network of cords wound around with green leaves, almost swept the ground. Under this vast cope, whose top was full of sunlight, while cool shadows lay upon the ground, the doctor loved to sit, when days of leisure gave him rest, and especially upon summer Sunday afternoons, with Rose lying upon his lap—or both of them upon the ground, she on a blanket and he upon the grass.

It was there, on a bright Wednesday in July, when Rose was now more than a year old, that Parson Buell found him in the garden watching the child. Birds overhead were flying from branch to branch, or conferring in a familiar way about household matters, coquetting or whirling forth in love wrangles, while a vireo in the topmost tuft, quite hidden, sat singing by the half hour its perpetual melody, whistled in phrases and recurring bits like short sentences in a music lesson.

They fell into discourse about the child; then about the origin of the soul, the minister affirming that nothing definite could be found in the Bible respecting it, and that learned divines had been exercised in mind and divided in opinions about it. The doctor said that no light had been thrown upon it in the researches of physiologists. For himself, he had a constitutional horror of the notion that the mind was material, came with the body, as a rose with the bush, and died with the body, as a flower with its stem. In the long gradations of creation matter grew to finer and finer organization and subtler uses, but there came a point at which it touched something higher than itself, spiritual existence, not to be known by the senses—which can only act in their own province of matter—but to be discerned by the soul, which could recognize its own existence, and had intuition of the spiritual element in creation.

"It is remarkable, Doctor, that you, a physiologist, should incline to the spiritual faith, while Judge Bacon, of sound education, and not given to the physical sciences, should hold, as I suspect he does, the physical theory of mind."

"Judge Bacon has no *ideality*. Imagination is the very marrow of faith."

"But you have often told me that I had no ideality—whatever that may mean. How is it that the deficiency does not work in the same direction in both cases?"

"It does. You may differ in regard to facts and convictions, but both of you insist upon reducing all truth to some material equivalent before you are subject to conviction. A truth which does not admit of a logical statement, seems to you a phantasy. You believe, not upon any evidence in your spirit, but upon the semi-material form which language and philosophical statements give to thought. The further you can bring a truth from its spiritual condition, and the more nearly it is incarnated, the more satisfactory is to you the evidence of its existence. But, with me, I accept facts which appeal to my senses as the lowest possible truth, and as appealing to the lowest avenue of my mind. Nature is more than a vast congeries of physical facts, related to each other as cause and effect, and signifying nothing else."

"What is signified, then, in your theory?"

"I have no theory. I have an irregular and fitful conviction that there are great truths of the affections seeking an inlet upon men, which flow from God, and which reach men, rightly sensitive, through the doings and appearances of what we call Nature."

"Pray give me an inkling, Doctor; for if you can get more from nature than I do, perhaps you can teach me how to help myself in the same way."

"Look at Rose, Dr. Buell, with her hand full of dandelions. Don't you see that a beam of sunlight has struck through the leaves, and is pouring gold on the child's head? See her wink, and puzzle, the darling!"

"What does that sunlight mean to her?"

"Nothing, except to her skin; and there it means trouble and annoyance. But to you and to me, it means beauty. It lies speckling all the ground around her. It moves with the leaves as if it had a life of its own. It kindles beauty out of homeliness itself if it but touches it."

"What then?"

"There is more meaning in sunlight than a child knows, or can know."

"More meaning? That is, I suppose, there are *effects* which the child does not notice or appreciate."

"Do you believe that the sunlight can produce any effect not provided for in its original constitution? You believe that God created it. Did he not know and design every element, and every effect?"

"Surely: surely I believe it."

"Of course you believe it, in a general and abstract manner. Look through these evergreens! See that clump of hollyhocks, white on yellow, and rose on crimson, so they stand, and the light falls on them alone, through that opening among the trees. They are transfigured! The light seems to palpitate upon them, and on the crimson blossom it fairly trembles! Is that all mere materiality? Is there no moral around them?"

"You don't mean that a hollyhock is a moral and accountable being? It is an unreasoning and unconscious thing, acted upon, but not acting."

"Hold! Does it not act? Does it not send sheets of light to my eyes? Does not that raise up a thousand fancies and yearnings? Do I not, in its exquisite effects, almost see through matter, and into the other life? And is not that clump, with its atmosphere of light, the instrument producing such effects? And when God created light and flowers, did he not know what power it was possible that they could exert upon human souls, and design that they should do it? They have a moral function, even if they have no moral *nature!*"

"I understand you, doctor. You hold that there are two kinds of moral agents—one conscious and voluntary, and the other unconscious and involuntary. But how many do you suppose in this town, besides yourself, ever saw or thought of such things in a hollyhock bush? It is mere fancy. It is not sober fact."

"Fancy is itself a fact, just as much as an argument, a leaf or a stone. God made the soul to be played upon by its fellows, by the whole round of visible nature, by invisible things, and more than all, by Himself. If shaking leaves stir up the soul, there was a power in them to do it, as much as in the soul to be agitated. I insist on a living, divine power in physical things. Why should men be so anxious to degrade nature? Is it unsafe to believe that God's eye follows every sparrow, and that his taste unrolls every flower, and that his feelings have an alphabetic expression in all natural forms, harmonies, colors, contrasts and affinities?"

"But if this were so, would there be so few even of educated men who derived any influence from those things?"

"I will answer you by asking: If the Bible is God's word, declaring his counsel, as we both believe, would there, out of ten hundred million people on the globe, be less probably than a hundred million that derive a single influence from it? In both cases, eyes have they, but they see not."

For a long time, Dr. Buell sat silent and thoughtful. Had it been a logical statement or the true meaning of a line of Scriptural texts, he would have been full of resources of argument. But, deficient in imagination, and trained to reject it in all investigations as an element of error, he yet could not but perceive that Dr. Wentworth, by its ministration, found in Nature a ground for religious faith which he did not, while at the same time he reverently accepted and eminently exemplified the teachings of the New Testament.

He rose and walked for a few moments along the edges of the shadow, where the gold sunlight and the leaf-shadows played a game of reprisals, back and forth, taking and retaking the ground from each other with noiseless conflict, until he had compassed the circuit of the great elm.

"Doctor, there may be something in your views. When you state them they strike me as having substance; but when I attempt of myself to think of them, they melt in my hands. When you say that natural objects have moral ends, you do not mean that they constitute a part of the commands, motives, and intelligent duties included in moral government?"

"I surely believe that they supplement these things. Physical laws are divine commands, and so far they are a part of moral government. Whatever affects a man's soul is, for the time being, a moral influence. The advent of Christ may be a more august and immensely more fruitful influence than the breaking forth of a lily from the ground; but when our Saviour said, 'Behold the lilies!' lilies were ordained to act a part in morals."

"Do you think that a flower, in and of itself, has any moral meaning?"

"Do you think that words, in and of themselves, have any signification? Words mean whatever they have the power to make us think of when we look on them. Flowers mean what sentiment they have the power to produce in us. The image which a flower casts upon a sensitive plate is simply its own self-form; but, cast upon a more sensitive human soul, it leaves there not mere form, but feeling, excitement, suggestion. God gave it power to do that, or it would not have done it."

"Is not this mysticism, Doctor, rather than common sense? I confess that I perceive in plants a relation to matter, to my senses, and to practical uses; but when you make them preach or teach, or do duty as moralists, unless you mean it in a metaphorical way, I am puzzled."

"Yonder is my bed of hyacinths, now out of blossom, and filled up between their rows are my tiger flowers, yellow and red, every day and all summer blossoming, or they *would* blossom if the moles did not eat up the bulbs at such a fearful rate! These underground radicals! you can hardly rid a garden of them, when once they become numerous and neighborly. No matter about that. What I was going to say was, that I consider a mole's opinion of the structures and uses of my hyacinths to be very much like—well, excuse me,—like most folk's notions of moral truth! The moles see the bottom and nothing else. Imagine a mole forming a philosophical theory of my bulbs. In mole's language, whatever that is, he would say: 'a hyacinth is a vegetable creation put underground for the benefit of moles. It is round, of a sweetish taste, quite juicy, and wholesome for moles. It has been held by some moles that a hyacinth has an existence above ground, and speculatists have gone so far as to say that this root is only a kind of starting point, while the best part of the plant is above ground. But there is no evidence of that, and it is doubtless a vagary of the imagination.'"

The minister could not help laughing at this fable.

"I admit so much of this," said he, "that truths may have only their bulbs in this world, and their stems and blossoms higher up; but, even so, how are we to know anything about these fragrant blossoms if they *are* in another medium, and above our reach or investigation?"

"The first step toward knowing is to be conscious of not knowing. If truth can be sufficiently learned through our senses, we shall take no further pains, and be content with a little, as if it were the whole."

"But admit, Doctor, that nature is full of some hidden meanings, as you call them, how will you detect them? How will you distinguish between a mere fancy and a substantial reality?"

"Is a thought necessarily any truer than an imagination? Is a thought anything but the impression produced upon a faculty by a certain kind of truth? Is not an imagination the impression produced upon another faculty by another kind of truth? Is not sight as much a sensation as hearing? And is not the report of one faculty to be taken for truth, each in its kind, as much as of another?

"It takes five senses to report to us all the qualities of matter. It takes twice as many mental faculties to determine all the properties and relations of a truth. Knowledge is (like white light) that condition of mind which is produced at the point where all the faculties on which a truth falls join their reports."

"And so you would regard the imagination as needful to a scientific investigation?"

"No man without imagination can by any possibility be an acute observer, nor a sound reasoner even upon physical facts, still less upon truths which involve some mental qualities."

"Do you think, then, that poets are our best philosophers, theologians, legists, and *savans?*"

"There is scarcely a great poet who would not have been eminent as philosopher or theologian. There is not one theologian or philosopher in history who had not in him the elements of a poet. And he is indebted for fame to those very elements of poetry. His special dogmas may have perished from out of men's belief. But the great truth's of emotion, expressed with poetic feeling, live on. This is the universal and immortal part. No man can *express* the great truths of human life without employing all his moral and æsthetic nature. No man ever delivers great truths worthily without rising into eloquence and even into poetry."

"What do you understand to be the difference between prose, eloquence and poetry?"

"Prose is the work-day dress in which truths do secular duty. Poetry is the robe, the royal apparel, in which truth asserts its divine origin. Prose is truth looking on the ground: eloquence is truth looking up to heaven. Poetry is truth flying upward toward God!"

"Your version is itself poetic, but not philosophical. You give me a picture, not a discrimination and definition."

"Well, common prose is the language of the intellectual faculties, acting without ideality. When you add the fire and figures which the imagination inspires, it is eloquence. If now you give it musical qualities, in time, flow, and rhyme, it is poetry. Or, again, when human truths are spoken as they exist in their physical relations, that is prose, science, or whatever you choose to call it. Add now the element of inspiration, raise the same truths into the light of those faculties which are distinctively spiritual and divine, and you have poetry, and this is the highest form of good sense, or reason in its nobler sphere."

"Apply this criticism, Doctor, to your notions of flowers and scenery."

"It scarcely needs it. It is not poetry to say that that part of universal life which belongs to the vegetable kingdom has a moral relation to human beings, proved by the effects which it has shown itself capable of producing on fine natures, and for which, it is strictly philosophical to infer, they were adapted. That so few perceive it, or experience it consciously, is no more a presumption against its nature and proper uses than the indifference of mankind to the movements of the planets is evidence that our seasons do not arise from stellar revolutions."

"Doctor, I cannot fairly say that I believe your notions, or even understand them. They give you great comfort. You are far happier than I am. I do not know as that is, however, any presumption in your favor."

"I *am* happy—exceedingly happy. One condition of it is, of course, perfect physical health. The body is like a piano, and happiness is like music. It is needful to have the instrument in good order. But that is but a beginning. Something must play upon the instrument. And *who* performs, and from what musical score, will determine the character of the concert. Chickering's grandest grand piano, with a fool playing jigs on it, is not so good as an old harpsicord with Beethoven at the keys."

"Go on—make your application."

"Well, to be plain, I do not think that you are happy, because it does not seem to me that you hold converse with those truths which inspire happiness. Your God is historic—mine is living. Your God is in a temple—mine everywhere. You have excogitated and built up, element by element, attribute by attribute, a conception of God, to which by resolute concentration you direct your thoughts, without help in symbol, natural object, or any instrument whatever, but wholly by will force. Now and then there will arise out of this stretching void some dim image or sense of Divinity. But even at that your conscience, not love, clothes him. You have little help from your affections; less from ideality; none from taste and beauty; and, really, you worship an *abstract thought*—a mere projection of an *idea*—not a whole Mind, a *Living Being!* You and I worship the same Being, and agree in the main as to the moral elements which glow in his nature; but we differ practically in our way of reaching Him."

"I find God in Christ the Saviour. I seek Him in prayer, in meditation, and in His Word."

"Thus do I also. But not so only. By the light of His Word I seek Him, in a living form, outside of His word. God is revealed in Christ as a man. Now, whatever in man or child, in their noblest moments, when their fervent affection, upon some unselfish inspiration, breaks forth into unusual and ethereal forms, seems to me more than a suggestion of divinity. I see flashing from these experiences the very feeling of God. Thus I can interpret Scripture with vivid insight. There is a perpetual commentary upon the New Testament running through human life, and you are afraid to read it!

"But besides the endless interpretations which the human soul is unfolding, the whole natural world is full of those very truths and meanings of which I was speaking a little while ago. Sounds and silences, color, forms, the life of insect and animal, and the endless play of cause and effect, I accept first, as scientific facts, with certain scientific relations. Or to speak exactly, I accept the report which they make to my perceptive reason. But they create in my breast, besides all that, such heights and depths of sensibility that I know that they have a moral relation to my moral sentiments, and that while science, like the mole, knows the root and bulb, faith alone, acting in a spiritual sphere, recognizes the developed stem and blossoms."

Although Dr. Wentworth's manner was usually quiet, almost producing an impression of indifference and impassiveness, he had, during this conversation, grown very earnest. Every lineament of his large, pale face glowed, and his eyes exchanged their dreamy look for one that almost flashed visible light, as he rose and stood before his minister, straightening up his body to its full height, and said:

"Dr. Buell, do you believe the Scriptures? Do you believe that those very heavens above your head declare the glory of God; or only that they *did*, four thousand years ago? 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein!'—now, today, here in this field—yonder, over that meadow—just as much as in Palestine. 'Thou crownest the year—Thou visitest the earth—Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth king forever more!'

"Do you think that I can *believe* this universal presence of God—in the sun, in the seasons, in the sea and on the mountains, in tree and herb, in clouds and storm, in summer and harvest, in the city among men and in the wilderness,—and yet suppose that Nature has nothing more for the soul than the catalogue of scientific names and a recitation of the order in which phenomena happen? Is there nothing of God in flowers, in forests, in birds, in insects, in my poor garden, in yonder valley, along the mountain-flank, in those thunder-heads looming up white over the horizon yonder? or is all this only meaningless matter? When my wife speaks to me, is it only sound—wind? or is it a movement of air upon my ear, that conveys to my heart deep meanings? And is Nature mere phenomena? or is it God's phenomena, meant to convey something deeper than the body catches—something for the soul? Why, then, should you, a minister of God, hunt through books for God, and stand in pity of me, who use the Bible as I would a Botany—which does not contain living plants, but only word-descriptions of them. If I would see the plant itself, I must go out of the book to nature. And the Bible cannot contain the truth itself, only the *word-forms*, the lettered symbols of truth. God does not live in a book. Man does not live in a book. Love, Faith, Joy, Hope, do not, cannot live in a book. For the living truth we must go outside of the Bible, which is but to religion what a Botany is to gardens, meadows, and all their flowers! I am not ashamed to own that I feel as if some sort of positive relationship existed between me and every living thing. A spice bush, a clump of wild azaleas, a bed of trailing arbutus, a patch of eye-brights, a log covered with green moss,—these all seem to be of my family kin. The spiders, too, the crickets, the field-mice, and all the swarms of birds; the worm—that as a child I was taught to abhor—are of God's family and mine. Since I accepted the New Testament, all the world has become my Bible. My Saviour is everywhere—in the book and out of the book. I see Him in Nature, in human life, in my own experience as well as in the recorded fragments of His own history. I live in a Bible. But it is an unbound book! It is wider than that I can reach its bounds. It is enough for me that I believe when it is said, 'All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made.'"

Dr. Buell walked slowly homeward, as one who saw nothing but his own thoughts. To all who found fault with the rigor of his teachings, and the remorseless logic with which he pushed "the doctrines" that, to him, were the very soul and marrow of life, it might be replied—the children and the poor loved him! What says such a fact? This: That he had a deep and tender heart; that while his head was like the granite rocks that crop out of the sides of the hill, his heart was like the nooks and hollows between, in which soil deep and rich had collected. The figure might be further pressed; for, as berry-bearing vines growing in the rich mould, climb up over the rock, and cover its grim face with a veil of comeliness, so out of the heart, full often, grow forth affections and sympathies that go far to hide the severe beliefs of the head. In his pulpit, Dr. Buell, a man of earnest conscience, clear logical intellect, narrow in his range of thought, but intense along those lines, —was jealous of the Faith. He would not accommodate it. He would not make it soft or beautiful. "The truth should be as a drawn sword. Men are in danger every hour and moment! How dare I spend my time in etching pleasing pictures on the blade, when God sends me to swing it over their heads as a flashing threat?"

But, when he came among the sick and the poor, when consolation was the duty, his soul seemed to seek relief and compensation for the stern fulfilment of his intellectual duties. Children, too, found his smile sweet, and his ways most companionable. To be sure, the thought, they were involved in a common ruin; but the evil, though in the germ, had not yet greatly developed itself. He used to say: "There is no moral virtue in children's innocence and simplicity, but they are pleasing to our natural susceptibilities, and may be enjoyed as we relish food, or odors."

On this homeward walk, however, the good man was shut up in himself. Cherub—the blackest of all black boys—threw a cartwheel two several times, in his most accomplished manner, without attracting the slightest attention. A little girl, five years old, stood in the crack of Judge Mason's gate, and held out her little hands full of dog-fennel to him, as if it had been a flower of far more attractive fragrance, and wondered at him that he passed without a word or a gesture. Not till a curly-haired boy bounced out of the door yard of his own home, glad to get into the street, on the plea of seeing *papa*, did he wake to external things.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LUCILLA'S LOVE LETTERS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Are there any more of these letters?"

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "no", and dared not say "yes," and as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as indeed she had, and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please *don't* be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a very nice young man, and it is our fault after all as much as her's, and you won't break her heart, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond."

"I—no— that is, I only——" gasped the little woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons for the past year.

For all this disturbance came of a music-teacher. A black-eyed young Bostonian, who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla Richmond for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest merchants in New York.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music-teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands, as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, just six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter. He gathered them up with scorn.

"Lock these up until I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music-master on any pretence."

And then Lucilla went down upon her knees: "Oh, dear papa!" she cried; "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him. I couldn't bear it, indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Richmond, rising. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfection, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music-teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and took his way toward those mysterious precincts known to women-kind in general only as "down-town."

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I *can't* blame you; it was just so with me. *I* ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so very nice. I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters, there'll be no hope, I'm afraid," sobbed Lucilla. "Fred. is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "*Such* letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should *die* if I refused him."

"So does Fred.," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know,) and I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But that he *would* she dared not promise.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down, and then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and as she placed them in one pretty pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle tied just as those were, and drew them out.

These were letters to a Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike.

Just half a dozen. Just the same number—and much more desperate than those the music-master had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she never had attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. And she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it her husband angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence. Then having adjourned to the parlor, much as an executioner and a couple of culprits might have proceeded to the gallows, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded:

"The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket and pulled it back "with a frightened look."

Mr. Richmond repeated still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am?"

And then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I think I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen-leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and to feel quite sure that if papa proved himself cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. *June*, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us, Lucilla. Let me see: ah! 'From the first moment he adored you, eh?' Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment.

"'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl.

"'Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die!' Dear, dear, dear, how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three this blessed Yankee calls you 'an angel!' He *is* dramatic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla."

"Great Heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred.'s saying anything of that sort," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous," he cried, "I'll go to the rascal this instant—I'll horsewhip him!—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, Protestant or not, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a confounded Yankee music-teacher! I'm ashamed to call you a daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!—I——"

But here Lucilla caught one arm, and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, *have* you gone crazy?" said Lucilla. "Frederick *never* proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is *not* Fred.'s —*upon* my word it is not. Do look, please—it is dated twenty years back—and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love-letters to mamma, written so long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said, sternly,—and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose!" and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and to creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said, "it's so long ago since, both altered a good deal, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how *you* fell in love with *me* at first sight, and how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together—and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plain as it was then, we must let dear Lucilla marry the man she likes—who is nice, if he is not rich. *I* did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself—women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy—have we not?"

And, certainly, Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So, Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young music-teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as an elopement; and, in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

MISFORTUNE.—My face and heart will wear many a scar and wrinkle, before the arrival of autumn. However bright the sunset of my evening, the storms of the morning will leave their lingering tears to glitter on the leaves.

—The loss of resolute habits is like the loss of his spectacles to a near-sighted man; it implies a loss of the power to recover them.

HYMNS OF ANGELS.

(A PARAPHRASE OF GOETHE'S CELEBRATED PROLOGUE.)

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

RAPHAEL.

The sun chimes in as ever through the years,
With emulous music from his brother-spheres,
And, joyous 'mid the glory of the deed,
Performs his destined race with thunder-speed.
His face
Gives strength to angels, though from base to rim,
Not one of all can fathom him.

GABRIEL.

And with immeasurable swiftness, as at birth,
Forevermore revolves the pomp of earth.
A paradise of light
Alternates with the deep and fearful light.
The sea, with mighty shock,
Foams upward at the deep base of the rocks;
And rock and sea
Are whirled within the planet's rushing minstrelsy.

MICHAEL.

And storms shout on in rival minstrelsy,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
In every age;
And form all round,
Amid the awful sound,
A chain of deepest ferment in their rage.
There flashing desolation flares before
The pathway of the thunder's roar;
But, LORD, Thy messengers alway
Respect the mild, sweet going of Thy day.

ALL.

Thy aspect to the angels giveth strength,
Through every cycle's length;
But none can fathom Thee, though century-nursed,
And all Thy works are glorious as at the First.

MARRIED TO MADNESS.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

Some twenty-five years ago, in a remote New England village, stood a small and handsome cottage, built entirely of white marble. The house had been built within the memory of all the people, over five years old, in the place; but it never ceased to be an object of wonder and admiration to the inhabitants of all the other houses in the village. In the first place, it was situated on a hill, which had for unnumbered years been looked upon as the special property of the village, and one of its chief attributes to public attention; in the second place, it was evident from the very laying of the corner-stone that, to the owner of the marble house, money was not an object of sufficient consequence to be considered in any way, except, indeed, how the greatest quantity of it might be expended in erecting and adorning the building; and in the third place, when the mysterious house was finally finished, the owner seemed to lose all interest in it, leaving it apparently as a monument of his eccentricity, and a source of continual wonderment to all who beheld it.

The marble house was locked, bolted, and barred; the heavy shutters were securely fastened and closely nailed; the light and fancifully wrought iron railing which enclosed the grounds, was fearfully spiked all round the tops; and the front gates heavily padlocked.

The curiosity of New England people is proverbial, and takes a long time to wear out; but, as in all things else, "time and the hour runs through the roughest day," so, at last, the retired farmers, the youthful grocers, the enterprising young merchants, and the entire female population of Surryton were actually reduced to silence on the subject of the house on the hill. It was when conjecture had reached its lowest ebb, and the imagination of Surryton was not equal to the pluming of its wing for another flight, that the owner of the house dawned upon the Surrytonians as an angel of mercy. He revived the old curiosity, and provided a hundred several ways in which it might run riot. It was in the spring-time of the year that one day, at very early morning, the gates leading up to the marble house were observed to stand wide open; the garden was seen to be in the possession of half a dozen laborers; the green-house was under the superintendence of a great gardener from the metropolis; the shutters were unfastened; all the doors were wide open; and the windows were freely unclosed to the light and air of heaven. A small army of maid servants were seen trooping to and fro in and about the house, under command of a large and buxom house-keeper—Mrs. Keeler by name, who was known in less than a week to all the tradespeople in Surryton, anxious to secure her favor in procuring the patronage of her master, Col. St. Orme. Mrs. Keeler was not averse to delicately tendered gifts of tea, sugar, dress goods, &c., &c., for her own private consumption, and freely promised all the influence she possessed with her master, or what was much better, her beautiful young mistress, the Colonel's fair bride, for whom the marble mansion was being prepared.

Very soon the gardens of Col. St. Orme began to blossom like the rose; the house had assumed a most charming and home-like appearance; and the arrival of the newly married pair was fixed for Wednesday of a certain week close at hand.

But Col. St. Orme had a way of disappointing people; he had done it frequently, and sometimes very seriously. He took this opportunity of disappointing his expectant neighbors of Surryton. He did not arrive on Wednesday; but it transpired at an early hour on the following morning that Col. and Mrs. St. Orme were at home, having arrived a couple of hours after midnight, when everybody had ceased looking for them. There was still further disappointment in store for the Surrytonians, who were by this time wrought up to a perfect fever of curiosity. Neither Col. St. Orme nor his wife made their appearance in public during the remainder of the week; and thus all the thoughts of all their neighbors became, as the thoughts of good christians always should be, fixed upon the coming Sabbath, and upon church. Surryton honored its church; and its minister seldom addressed a small audience, but never within his memory had the sacred edifice been so thronged with pious worshippers as on the first Sabbath of Col. and Mrs. St. Orme's appearance there. The audience had reason to be satisfied: the new arrivals occupied a conspicuous seat, and by their apparent unconsciousness of the observation centred upon them, presented a most agreeable mark for careful and prolonged scrutiny.

Colonel St. Orme was a pale, thin gentleman, with light, glittering, blue eyes, and iron-gray hair; he was of a distinguished appearance, and must have been handsome in his youth. Mrs. St. Orme was a surpassingly beautiful woman, or, rather, girl, for she was only seventeen, and looked hardly that age. She was small, but extremely stately and elegant in appearance; she was of a dark brunette complexion, with lips and cheeks of the most vivid crimson; large brown eyes soft and melting in their natural expression, but capable of sudden and almost alarming brilliancy; very beautiful straight eyebrows, long lashes, a low white forehead and rippling hair, like polished bronze, gathered into a mass of curls at the back. Her dress was perfection, and nearly drove feminine Surryton to despair. During the entire service she listened with unflagging interest to the minister's discourse; and when it was over she rose quietly, and, taking her husband's arm with cold and ceremonious courtesy, walked away through the wondering and admiring throng that blocked the aisles and even stood in groups about the church door to feast their gaze upon her. There were those who said that when she took her husband's arm she had been seen to shiver, and the vivid crimson of her lips and cheeks faded to a very pale but lovely pink. Whether this was true or not, it very soon became widely circulated; and the curious amused themselves each Sunday by watching for themselves the effect produced on Mrs. St. Orme by taking her husband's protecting arm. It was the only opportunity for observing the fair stranger which was afforded to the good people of Surryton. Mrs. St. Orme refused from the first to mingle in society; and except at church she was hardly ever seen by anybody. This course of conduct did not decrease the curiosity regarding the mysterious house on the hill and its extraordinary inhabitants. Mrs. Keeler was closely plied with questions, but she gave very little information; because, worthy soul! she knew even less than what she gave. Meantime among the many rich and apparently happy, though often miserable, people with which this world is plentifully supplied, there were very few more wretched creatures than the young and lovely Mrs. St. Orme. Surrounded with every luxury, adored by a husband who appeared to live for the sole purpose of loving her, she wandered through the beautiful rooms of her rare and elegant home like the very spirit of grief and desolation. It was true that she did shiver at the mere touch of her husband's hand; and that the sound of his voice was at all times potent enough to drive away the color from her young face; and, indeed, ere long the bright crimson had faded entirely from her cheek; she was always pale; her eyes grew larger, and looked out at people with a sad, beseeching gaze; and Colonel St. Orme would sometimes frantically beseech her to love and not fear him, and to look blooming and happy as she had looked before he married her. For the most part she heard his words in silence, and answered only with a patient, pathetic sigh; but once she burst forth passionately:

"You ask me to look bright and happy," she said, "you who have robbed me of the heart and soul of my life! No; nothing lives that is dead at the core—and I shall not live long. The poor object of your triumphant but hateful, deadly love."

A sharp, agonizing cry burst from Col. St. Orme—an exceeding bitter cry of longing and despair.

"Do not die, my Miriam!" he moaned, "oh, do not—do not die and leave me!"

"But I shall die!" she exclaimed, with triumph. "I know that I shall die, for already I feel the blessed shadow of my coming freedom."

"Then you love him still, Miriam, you love him still, and you will never love me?"

"Never, never! And I do love him, and will love him while I live, and when this miserable life is no more. You may kill me, but you cannot kill my love, for it is in my soul and immortal as itself!"

"But I will not let you go—you shall not leave me—you shall not die! I won't give you up. Mine you are, and mine you shall remain forever and forever!"

And, with a quick movement toward her, he caught the terrified girl in his arms and strained her fiercely to his breast. She cried out sharply with pain, and struggled wildly with terror; and, escaping from him, she rushed away, and never stopped to take breath till she was within her own room and had double-locked and bolted the door.

Then, panting and weeping hysterically, she fell upon a seat and wrung her hands.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "was ever fate like mine? Not only irrevocably separated from my dear and only love, but chained for life to a madman—a cruel, relentless, remorseless madman. Oh, God, what a look he bent upon me—how his eyes glistened and burned—how his insane grasp crushed and suffocated me! It is too much! I, too, will be mad if this goes on! What shall I do?"

This passionate outburst was a great relief to Miriam St. Orme. It was the first time since her ill-fated marriage that she had given way to her pent-up and agonizing feelings, and, when it was over, she felt calmer than she had been for months and more capable of looking her fate steadily in the face and considering what was best to be done with it.

She remained some time in deep and serious thought, and then she provided herself with writing materials, and wrote the following brief letter:

"FATHER: I know that I am dying. With that knowledge I can forgive the part that you have had in bringing me to the sad and cruel condition in which I am now placed. But as you value my forgiveness and the last words of love from your dying child, I conjure you to come to me and to release me from the hell to which you have been so greatly instrumental in condemning me. It is my last request on earth—do not deny it, I implore you. Let me have the blessed privilege of dying in possession of my right mind—which I *cannot do*, if I am longer compelled to the companionship of a maniac.

Your daughter, MIRIAM."

Hitherto Mrs. St. Orme had never suffered any restrictions as to the way in which she chose to occupy her time, but from the period of the interview just detailed between herself and her husband, she found that her every movement was watched. She therefore congratulated herself that she had been able with her own hands to mail her letter to her father, and she awaited the result with all the patience she could summon. Col. St. Orme became not only watchful, but unbearably suspicious; the simplest actions of his wife were construed into deep-laid plots to effect her escape from him, and it was not long before he openly accused her of having private interviews with the lover to whom she had been betrothed when he married her. Miriam smiled in calm disdain, for Walter Lovell was far away and separated from her by the waves of the blue Atlantic.

When Miriam Standish was a girl of fifteen, Col. St. Orme had first seen and loved her; he had proposed for her to Mr. Standish, had obtained his full consent, and had been referred to Miriam for her's, with every reason to suppose, on her father's representations, that she would willingly become his wife. Miriam refused instantly and decisively, and did not take the trouble to be over gentle in her refusal either, although she condescended to explain the want of taste which apparently shocked and astonished Col. St. Orme, by informing him that her heart was irrevocably bestowed on another. St. Orme was furious with love and jealousy; but Mr. Standish bade him be of comfort, and swore a terrible oath to bestow his daughter's hand upon him if he would only follow his counsels.

Accordingly, Miriam was not tormented with unwelcome scenes of love-making, and, so far as her young experience could judge, St. Orme appeared to have utterly given up the idea of persisting in his proposals to her, and studied to please her in every way that might become a true and gentle friend. Thus Miriam's love for Walter Lovell was not by opposition fanned to a flame that might have led her to commit any act of desperation in defence of it; and when it became necessary that her lover should leave her for a time to study his art abroad—he was a sculptor—she bore the parting with more heroism than she could have believed herself capable of.

But no sooner was Walter Lovell indeed gone than Col. St. Orme renewed his proposals with all the warmth of a fire that has long been kept in check, and has suddenly received fresh stimulus. Miriam was almost dumb with consternation at this unexpected change; but she summoned voice to interrupt the Colonel's declarations, and to order him indignantly from her presence.

But two strong men opposed to one young and fragile girl was a combat too unequal to last long. Day by day Miriam's refusals grew fainter. She wrote letter after letter to her absent lover, but they never reached the post-bag; and at last wearied out by the struggle, she yielded so far as to say that she would give up Walter, as her father so disapproved her choice, but she entreated with frantic eloquence that she might never be forced to marry Col. St. Orme.

"He is mad, father!" she answered, when Mr. Standish impatiently demanded her reason for this refusal; and this answer she continued to make to the last—even to the very hour when consent was finally wrung from her quivering lips.

And so this monstrous marriage was effected, and a minister of God pronounced Miriam Standish the wife of Col. St. Orme.

On the morning of his daughter's marriage, Mr. Standish received a very large sum of money from his grey-haired son-in-law, and with it he proposed to enjoy himself while it lasted, and then to apply to St. Orme for more. Thus it was that Miriam's letter, directed to her father at her old home, was six weeks seeking him from place to place before it finally reached his hand. He read it with something like remorse for the terrible situation in which he had placed his only daughter; and even went so far as to consider deeply of what she had said concerning St. Orme's insanity.

"If he is crazy," thought this worthy gentleman, "why all the better for me. Miriam is his wife fast enough, and I myself saw his will executed in her favor at a time when everybody believed him sane anyway, whether he was or was not. I will go to my daughter—surely it is indeed a life of horror to be bound to a madman, and she must not die—that is precisely what I don't want."

In the meantime Surryton had been convulsed by a new phase in the doings of the fair star which sometimes showed itself in their firmament, but never smiled upon it. Mrs. St. Orme ceased going to church; and then a vague rumour got abroad that the beautiful pale lady who had faded beneath their very eyes from a crimson rose to a drooping lily, spent all her time in the upper rooms of her beautiful home, tended, watched and guarded, because she was mad!

This was true,—all but the reason of Miriam's seclusion; the true reason was even more terrible than the rumored one, for the really mad became the gaoler of the actually sane. Miriam was her husband's prisoner.

The poor girl was in a fair way to become as mad as her husband chose to call her. After the lapse of two or three weeks, receiving no intelligence from her father, she sunk into utter despondency; scarcely ate or slept; never spoke to the servants who waited upon her, and unconsciously assisted St. Orme's report of her insanity to gain ground.

But succor was in store for Miriam which she had long ceased to hope for; Walter Lovell arrived in Italy awaiting anxiously and impatiently letters from his beloved. They never came. He bore the disappointment with the best grace possible; but his feelings went through a hundred variations every day. He called her false and cruel, thoughtless and unkind, heartless and shallow; but always returned to the true conviction of his soul, because, poor fellow! it afforded him the only way of happiness—that she was constant, but that some one else was playing a treacherous part. The months passed by, but never a word came to him from Miriam. In vain he tried to forget her—it was not possible, while the thought yet remained in his heart that she was true to him, notwithstanding every appearance to the contrary. The first year of his absence was at an end; and he had progressed very slowly, for his heart was not in his vocation. At last he determined that he could bear the suspense and uncertainty no longer.

"I will return to her," he said; "if she has forgotten me, I must learn the truth from her own lips, and then, perhaps, I, too, can forget."

Full of this thought, Lovell set forth on his journey home; he sought Miriam first at her father's house, but Mr. Standish was gone, none knew whither, and then he learned of Miriam's marriage. This was a terrible blow, and, at first, he quite sunk beneath it. But his own heart was so loyal and so strong, that it whispered him of treachery and foul play. He had come from Italy to hear from Miriam's own lips whether she were true or false, and he would not accept his destiny at second hand. On the little information which he could pick up regarding St. Orme's whereabouts previous to and after his marriage, he began a search for Miriam.

One day Miriam St. Orme sat at a window of her room which overlooked the garden and the road below; the window was barred, as indeed all the windows were, and the door was locked, for she had begged to be left alone, and sometimes her gaoler granted such small requests. She was looking drearily forward and out upon the road, and scarcely knowing what she saw, for her thoughts were many thousand miles away. She beheld, in fancy, Walter, who had deserted her—who had never once answered her letters, those cries for help wrung from her soul; and the tears slowly streamed down over her thin, pale cheeks, while she thought that perhaps he had never received her letters, and that if he had done so she would not now be in that wretched, luxurious prison which held her. Everything faded away from her sight; she saw nothing but Walter—plain as in a dream she beheld him—with terribly life-like distinctness she beheld his tender, handsome face, his graceful figure, his proud, erect young head. Her heart beat tumultuously—the vision was too real. She grew frightened; an angel thought flashed across her brain—was she, then, indeed mad? She clasped her hands before her eyes—the vision was not there; she tore them away again, and glared out through the window. Walter was still there. The truth came upon her—it was real—he was there. She flew wildly at the window, and thrusting her arm through the bars, dashed her white hand through the glass, shivering it to atoms; and a long, wild cry of joy pealed forth from her lips.

"Walter—Walter—Walter!" she cried.

He looked and saw, and recognized her.

"Miriam!" he shouted in return; and in the next moment he saw a ghastly face peer out over hers, and heard a sound like the roar of a wild animal as she was dragged back and disappeared from his sight. Like an arrow shot from a bow he turned and fled toward the house, and rushing to the door his hand met that of Mr. Standish, who was just about to ring the bell; in the first instant of meeting Walter would have hurled him to the ground and trodden on him, but he remembered that he was *her* father, and stayed his hand. He rung the bell and beat upon the door; and half the domestics in the house, who had already been alarmed by the cry which had come from their mistress' room, rushed to open it.

"Where is your mistress?" said Walter, speaking calmly, by an almost superhuman effort. "This gentleman is her father. Lead us to her room without a moment's delay."

"Yes, sir, this way," said one of the women, and Walter, accompanied by Mr. Standish, who was utterly horrified and terrified by his companion's vehemence, followed silently. All this, which has taken so long to describe, passed in the space of a few seconds; and as they neared the room in which Miriam was, her father and her lover heard St. Orme's voice, pitched at the highest key of which it was capable.

"Then you have seen him?" he said.

"I have!" answered Miriam, laughing and crying. "I have seen him; and he has seen me; and I will soon be free to breathe outside of locks and bars."

"Fool! You forget that I *own* you—that you are my property!" hissed St. Orme, in a low, harsh whisper; and then suddenly shrieking aloud—"But you never will behold him again!" livid with rage and despair, foaming at the mouth—an awful sight to look upon—he stretched forth his hands, with fingers like talons, to grasp her.

At that instant Walter and Miriam's father burst into the room; and both flung themselves between the maniac and his victim. Miriam fainted dead away and sank upon the floor; St. Orme fell upon both the men who opposed him, and with the strength of madness wrestled successfully against their united efforts to secure him. But at last he fell prostrate in a paroxysm of frenzy; his legs and arms flew wildly about, and then he lay quiet like one stunned or dead.

The two men secured his arms with strong cords, and bound his feet together, and then gave all their attention to the insensible Miriam. It was very long before she recovered from the almost death-like swoon into which she had fallen; and when at length she was restored to consciousness the utter prostration of her mind and body caused grave fears for her life.

That same night Col. St. Orme, raving in all the frenzy of incurable madness, was borne away to the asylum for the insane; and from that moment Miriam began to recover; but her restoration to health was tedious and often fluctuating. Youth and an originally strong constitution were the remedies to which everything was entrusted, and happily they proved sufficient.

A full explanation took place between Miriam and Walter; and each absolved the other from blame, although Miriam never forgave her own want of firmness in being forced into a union so revolting. Mr. Standish played the part of the repentant and tender father to his own entire satisfaction; and Miriam never failed to give him the outward appearance of filial respect. Her real sentiments regarding her father she never spoke, even to Walter.

Between Miriam and her true lover the future was not referred to; but each understood the other's heart. So one day when they again parted—for Walter resolved to return to Italy—their dreams of meeting again were not less hopeful than on the occasion of their first farewell.

Miriam no longer refused to mingle in society; the youthful roundness of her charming figure returned and took the place of the hard angularities brought out by suffering; the wonderful crimson glow returned to her lips and cheeks; and her great brown eyes were more deep and tender and beautiful, though for a long time they wore a far-away look, as if searching for something hidden, perhaps, in the distant future. That something came at last; nor was it so very far distant. At the age of nineteen Miriam wore simple and unpretending weeds for Col. St. Orme, and put them off at the end of one year. Walter Lovell had then returned, and the far-away look left Miriam's face forever. She had but a little way to look now—only into her husband's face—to see all that she most cared to see in this world.

Social Intercourse.

Without friends what is man? A solitary oak upon a sterile rock, symmetrical indeed in its form, beautiful and exquisitely finished, outrivalling the most lauded perfection of art in gracefulness and grandeur, but over which decay has shaken her black wing, and left its leaves blighted; its limbs contract as they die; its roots, rottenness, and its bloom death; a scathed, lifeless monument of its pristine beauty. When the rebuffs of adversity are rushing us earthward, when the clouds look black above, and the muttering thunder of misfortune growls along the sky, when our frame is palsied by the skeleton hand of disease, or our senses whirled in the maelstrom chaos of insanity, when our hearts are torn by the separation of some beloved object, while our tears are yet flowing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence—in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from portentous storm, to quicken the fainting pulses of our sickly frame, to bring back the wandering star of mind within the attraction of sympathetic kindness, the "oil and balm" of peace into the yet festering wound, and deliver the aching heart from the object of its bleeding affection.

A Useful and Practical Hint.

Every man has his idea of what *his* prosperity should be. The majority of the favorites of fortune require abundance, the minority are contented with a moderate independence. And the same rule prevails with respect to morals and intellect. Some desire to be considered pre-eminently good, others rationally so; and others again are satisfied if their conduct places them beyond the reach of censure. It is the same with the mind. One man would wish to soar above his fellow-creatures—to dazzle all beholders by the loftiness of his flights; another would desire to be considered as above the average intellectual standard; another to be thought at least equal in capability with those by whom he is surrounded; and another would let his neighbors rate him just as high or as low as they pleased. So that prosperity in all its various phases must only be taken in degree, or according to the estimation in which it may be held. And thus it is that upon the estimate formed by the individual rests the greater portion of the responsibility of realizing what is desired and sought to be obtained.

Temper.

Of all qualities, a sweet temper is perhaps the one least cultivated in the lower ranks of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the passionate child, the sulky, the obstinate, and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a latitude of speech unknown among the higher orders; and they are free from the salutary restraint imposed by what is termed "company." When in the enjoyment of full health and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most striking faults; while their resignation under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the point, of all others, in which the rich might with advantage study to imitate them.

Goodness and Genius.

Genius and goodness are inseparably connected in mental origin. Genius is essentially a moral—nay, a religious power. The difference between genius and talent is perhaps included in the necessary conscientiousness of the former. Talent *may* be conscientious—genius *must* be so. Nobility of purpose, the truest and most patient sympathies, must combine in a work that is to penetrate, elevate, and subdue the hearts of mankind. If we rise from a book with no sacred and solemn emotions, no deep sense of human relationship and sympathy, we have not been in communion with genius.

RELY UPON YOURSELF.—Never ask a favor. It is better to suffer than to supplicate.

WIT AND HUMOR.

SECRETARY WELLES (of the Navy) having sat down close to a grate in which a fire had just been kindled, after a time began to feel the heat of the fiercely glowing coals, and called loudly for a servant, but none came until the Secretary was pretty well scorched. When at last a servant made his appearance, he called out fiercely to him, "*Remove the grate*, you rascal; do you not see that I am roasting!" To which the servant replied by asking if it would not be as well for him to push back his chair a little. "Upon my word," said the venerable Secretary, "I never thought of that."

A FRIEND of ours, visiting a neighbor, found him disabled from having a horse step upon his foot. Hobbling out of the stable, the sufferer explained how it happened. "I was standing here," said he, "and the horse brought his foot right down on mine." Our friend looked at the injured member, which was of the No. 14 pattern, and said, very quietly, "Well, the horse must step somewhere."

AT a fashionable dinner, a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a toothpick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are using Mr. ——'s toothpick." "I know I am. By the powers, sir, do you think I am not going to return it?"

"Do you believe in the appearance of spirits, father?" asked a rather fast young man of his indulgent sire. "No, Tom, but I believe in their *disappearance*, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon last night," said the old gentleman. But Tom didn't seem to take the hint, although it was evident that he *had* taken the Bourbon.

"MA," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw! what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't."

THE carriage of a celebrated and popular *prima donna* was upset the other day in Central Park, and the morning papers, in speaking of the accident, said, "We are happy to state that she was able to appear the same evening *in three pieces*."

THE death of one person from the pork disease, in Springfield, has caused the people there to abandon pork, pretty generally. A dozen deaths from rum wouldn't frighten them half so much, nor damage the trade in the least.

"WE shall know what are necessaries of life," said a country store-keeper during a severe storm, "as no one will venture forth to-day except to procure them." In the evening he found that most of his sales were yellow snuff and New-England rum.

"LOOK here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching sugar candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No, I aint neither," said the urchin, "I'm a-gnawing this 'ere candy."

A CENSORIOUS old bachelor says that many an elderly spinster will send word to a visitor that she is "engaged," when she never even had an "offer" in all the days of her life.

"IF you had avoided rum," said a rumseller to a customer, "you could now ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum," said the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

IN describing a new organ, a country editor says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."

Two young ladies holding converse over a new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit? Yes; as if I'd been melted and poured in!"

A GENTLEMAN long famous for the aptitude of his puns, observing a violent fracas in front of a gin-shop, facetiously termed it the battle of A-gin-court.

A YOUNG man named Turn married a cousin of the same name, on the plea that "one good Turn deserved another."

WANTED, by a confectioner, a *candid* young woman.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A NEW AND INGENIOUS DODGE.—A man living up-town agreed to sell his house for eleven thousand five hundred dollars, deed to pass on the first of May, and $500 forfeit to be paid by either party that didn't come to time. A few days before the first, another customer offered thirteen thousand dollars for the house, and so the owner refused to deliver the deed to the first customer and paid the $500 forfeit, but has not seen the thirteen thousand dollar man since. He has had the satisfaction, however, of learning that several of his acquaintances were victimized in the same manner.

A BRIDEGROOM, in Cincinnati, having failed to come to time at his wedding, and the bride and her friends having waited, in great mortification, until all hope of his appearance had vanished, a young gentleman of the party, being captivated with the beauty of the bride, and desirous that the company should not be disappointed, proposed, was accepted, and the couple were accordingly married. The guests were astonished and delighted, and the bride and groom looked happy.

SINGULAR CASE OF GUNSHOT WOUND.—A Maine soldier was shot in the battle of Spotsylvania, the ball entering and lodging in the right lung. Ten months afterwards, while reduced nearly to the point of death, he coughed up a piece of his blouse about an inch square, since which he has coughed up several pieces of his clothing, that were carried into the lung by the ball, whereby he has been greatly relieved, and is now recovering, although the ball is still lodged in the lung and frequently makes itself felt.

A GALVESTON (Texas) paper states that the doctors of that city have "struck" for higher fees, and says: "For a first visit the charge is to be $10; and if the first doctor don't know what ails you, and next time takes along another doctor to tell him what's the matter, doctor number two's fee is to be $15 additional." For treatment of a case of yellow fever the charge is $100, and for small-pox $200.

STRANGE DOINGS IN CHURCH.—While a man was kneeling in prayer, at a meeting in Winona, Minn., two other men who were kneeling one on each side of him, *garroted and robbed him* so thoroughly and quietly as not to disturb any one. The sacrilegious ruffians escaped with their booty, leaving their victim lying with his face on the seat in front of him, as though bowed in prayer.

A FEW days ago, a dog seventeen years of age, belonging to a gentleman living in Rockport, Mass., left the premises of his owner and deliberately walked to a breakwater, a distance of a mile, and jumping over, swam with his head under water until life was extinct, thus committing suicide. The dog was nearly blind and quite infirm, which facts may be taken as some excuse for his rash conduct.

AN immense rock fell upon the railroad track near Albion, Pa., the other day, and occasioned a startling smash-up with the next express-train which came along. There were several Congressmen and other high officials on the train, all of whom escaped uninjured, while a number of very worthy and respectable passengers were seriously hurt.

NEW ORLEANS papers complain of the number of divorce suits in the courts, saying that ten are now entered to one instituted before the war. Three such suits have been entered in a single day. Most of the cases relate to persons married during or subsequent to the war.

A SHORT time since, George Haven, who for fourteen years had been a grinder at the ax works at East Douglas, Mass., died, and on a post mortem examination it was found that his lungs were full of the dust from the grindstone. In some places it had collected to such an extent as to be quite hard.

A PERSON named Willie Price died a short time since near Marksville, Va., at the age of thirty years, who occupied a cradle up to the day of his death, being then a mere infant in physical development. He was always fed with a spoon, and had to be carried about in the arms of his friends.

Two boys in an English workhouse each swallowed eighteen marbles. One of the boys said he swallowed the marbles because he was hungry. The boys are looking pale, but are not much the worse for the experiment.

A RICH young lady of Philadelphia is about to be married to an Italian prince, whose father lives in the garret of his house in Rome, lets the lower rooms for restaurants and billiard rooms, and whose only income is from their rental. What's in a name?

A GENTLEMAN at Calhoun, in Gordon County, Ga., states that he recently saw, in one day, seventy-five women in that place, some of whom had walked ten miles in search of food to save themselves and their children from starvation.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. III.

HINTS TO A YOUTH ABOUT TO ENTER COLLEGE.

BY REV. JOHN MACLEAN, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

For almost a half century, the writer of the following suggestions has been engaged in the instruction of youth; and he hopes that a knowledge of this fact will render the advice given in this paper the more acceptable to that class of young persons whose good he has now more particularly in view.

1. His first suggestion is this:—Endeavor to form a definite idea of the design of a college, and also of the benefits you hope to derive from becoming a member of such an institution. Unless you do something of this kind, there is great reason to fear that you will fail to reap the full advantages of a college course of instruction and discipline.

Let it then be deeply impressed on your mind that it is not the design of a college to furnish a retreat for the indolent, nor a harbor for the vicious. These may, and sometimes do, find their way into our halls of science and learning, but they are intruders and should be thrust out as unworthy of the society they seek. Youth, therefore, who have no relish for study and no desire for the acquisition of knowledge ought not to seek admission into college or covet privileges and honours which are the rightful property of the studious alone. Such youth can do little else than disgrace themselves and their friends, and degrade the literary institutions of which they are members; and they should direct their attention to some more congenial pursuits, in which they may indulge their tastes with less detriment to others and with less risk to themselves. It is not to be expected that a youth who at school is idle, and at home free from restraint, will at college be subordinate to authority and attentive to study. For an idle youth the studies of a college will have no peculiar attractions; to a self-willed one its discipline must always seem a burden. The assigned lessons he will be disposed to neglect, the prescribed rules he will not hesitate to violate; and sooner or later he will subject himself to censure, and perhaps be dismissed with disgrace. All such youths should remain at home, at least until they have learned to appreciate more highly the value of such knowledge and manifest a disposition to be obedient to authority; and, on the other hand, there is but little danger that a youth who has been under proper discipline at home will go seriously astray at college.

The very term College, in its ordinary acceptation, denotes that the persons connected with it are set apart for purposes of learning or religion; and in most colleges these things are to a greater or less extent combined; and wherever the latter is wholly omitted, there can be no such thing as a thorough education imparted. In such an institution the understanding may be well disciplined; but the moral and nobler part of man is neglected. Here man is viewed and treated merely as an intellectual and not as a moral and accountable being. A complete education has respect to the whole man; or, in other words, to his moral as well as his intellectual faculties, and even to his bodily powers. The well-educated man has been taught to govern his appetites, to regulate his passions, to control his desires, to fix his attention, to exercise his judgment, to seek after knowledge, and, in short, to do everything which tends to improve the heart, discipline the mind, or benefit the body. That such an education cannot be imparted where religion is left entirely out of view it requires no argument to prove.

To furnish the means for the acquisition of such an education, and the proper incentives to the diligent use of those means, should be the aim of all who have in their hands the instruction and government of our colleges. That such is the true end or design of a college should be kept in mind by every youth who seeks admission into such an institution. If this be done, there is good reason to hope that his college course will be both profitable and pleasant, and will tell with power upon his after life.

2. The next suggestion has respect to preparation for college; and it is this: Make it your particular care to be fully prepared for the class into which you seek admission. Remember that your standing in college will not depend upon the class of which you are a member, but upon your scholarship and deportment. Rather enter a lower class to which you are in learning superior, than a higher one to which you are in the least inferior. It is rarely the case that a youth has been injured by revising, in college, studies which he had pursued at the grammar school; but it is no unusual occurrence that by entering classes for which they are not fully prepared, young gentlemen of good talent prove to be but ordinary scholars at the end of their college course, who, with a little more patience and modesty, would have made attainments of a high order. When applicants for admission to a particular class are not prepared for that class, and are so informed by the College Faculty, they are often ready to promise that every deficiency shall be made good, and that the utmost diligence shall be employed to place them on a footing of perfect equality with those already in the class, if they can only be permitted to enter it. That in a large majority of such cases they should fail to fulfil their engagements is what might be expected, unless the course of instruction is sadly defective; for when that course is suitably arranged, it is to be presumed that the members of the several classes have enough to do in attending to their regular studies and to such reading and other exercises as should accompany the prescribed course, without having any extra burden imposed upon them.

Let it, then, be your firm determination upon leaving the academy for college, that you will cheerfully enter the class, for which, after a careful examination, you shall be found to be fully prepared.

3. The third suggestion or counsel is this: Be on your guard as to the acquaintances you may form, upon your arrival at college. Intimacies are not unfrequently commenced at this time, which exert an important influence upon the youthful student's whole career. Treat with politeness all who tender to you any civilities, but be not hasty in acceding to their proposals.

From a laudable rivalry existing between the literary societies in some of our colleges, it often happens, that in hope of obtaining for their favorite society an accession of talent and of numbers, one or more of the students will wait upon a youthful stranger, almost as soon as he arrives, and tender their good offices in any matters in which they can be of service to him. These courtesies are often extended by the most virtuous and praise-worthy students; and not unfrequently by the most idle. Attentions of this kind from whatever source, seldom fail to make a deep impression on the mind of an ingenuous youth when separated from friends and home. Hence the necessity of being on your guard, lest you should fall into the hands of those, an intimate acquaintance with whom is not to be desired. Therefore observe carefully the language and deportment of your new acquaintances, and should you find them to be at variance with the rules of the college, or with the customs of well regulated society, decline with all possible politeness, the proffered attentions, and wait till you have an opportunity to become acquainted with others better fitted to be useful associates. Seek the company of the virtuous and of the diligent among your fellow students, and so conduct yourself as to win their esteem and respect. As soon after your arrival as may be convenient, call upon the President of the college, and present your letters; and hesitate not to ask his advice in reference to the arrangements which it may be necessary for you to make, upon your admission into college.

4. A fourth suggestion is this: Regard yourself as bound in honor to obey all the laws of the college, whether you are required, or not required, to give a promise to this effect. No ingenuous youth will feel at liberty to avail himself of the privileges of a college, and be heedless of the conditions, expressed or implied, upon which he is permitted to enjoy them. Form, therefore, the resolute purpose, that let other students do as they may, you will be observant of all the rules and orders of the institution of which you have voluntarily become a member. A rigid adherence to such a purpose may possibly occasion you at the first some inconvenience, but eventually it will secure for you the respect of all whose good opinion is worth regarding. If your fellow students see that on all occasions you act from a sense of duty, they cannot and will not withhold from you their respect. Even those who have not strength of principle to do as you do, will honor you for your firmness and consistency of conduct.

5. The fifth suggestion has respect to the prescribed course of study: Enter upon this course with the fixed purpose to master to the best of your ability every part of it. Do not imagine that you can employ your time more profitably by attending to matters outside of that course, when your doing so involves a neglect of a part of the regular studies of the college. As you must give some attention to all parts of the prescribed course, this attention should be close and thorough, if for no other reason yet for this, that any neglect or carelessness in this matter is injurious to mental discipline. You may prefer one study to another, and you may properly seek to excel in one rather than in another, and you may with propriety devote your leisure hours to such studies as are the most pleasant to you, but never neglect to make full preparation for your regular daily recitations. In some colleges there is allowed a greater freedom of choice than in others as to the studies which each one shall pursue, but when that choice is once made, it is reasonably expected that full attention shall be given to those branches of study thus selected.

6. Another suggestion: Study with all diligence, and form a desire to make the most of your opportunities for improvements. If in doing so you can stand first in the class, it is your duty to be the first scholar of your class. But let not the desire to be first be your incentive to study. If you pursue your studies from no higher motive than this, and should succeed in your aspirations, it will be no pledge of your success in after life, when you shall have no such stimulus to earnest and diligent effort; but should you fail of your aim to be first, you will probably become indifferent as to your relative position, and fail to make the scholar you might have been had you devoted yourself to your studies, simply from a sense of duty, and from a desire to be useful.

By pursuing the course here suggested, you will not be envious of your companions, nor excite their envy; but while you are storing your mind with useful learning, you will at the same time foster those traits of character which are sure to win for their possessor the love of his associates in study, while his proficiency will command their respect.

7. The next suggestion is this: Do not leave home for college before you have formed the resolution to maintain a regular and frequent correspondence with your parents, or with other friends who may stand to you somewhat in the relation of parents. Excepting the fear and love of God, there is nothing which will so effectually secure you from the dangers of a college life as the cultivation of filial piety, and an unreserved correspondence with those at home. These will help you to keep in remembrance the admonitions and loving counsels of your father and your mother, given at the time you first left home for the place of your education, and they will serve to remind you of the purpose then formed, that you would never do anything that would tend to wound the feelings of your parents or increase their anxiety for you.

8. The last suggestion is this: Above all things else, recollect that for your whole success in college you will be dependent on the blessing of God. Never forget this, and begin your college life with seeking His blessing: and let it be your daily prayer that all your attainments may be consecrated to His service. Yes, if hitherto you have been thoughtless in regard to your duty to God, let your entrance in college be marked by an entire change of conduct in this respect. If, on the contrary, you have been mindful of your duty in the matter of religion, let your prayers abound, that through the teaching of the Holy Spirit you may day by day grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the best of all knowledge. It is life eternal.

If you will follow the advice here given, I may safely promise you that your career in college will be as happy and profitable as its beginning is auspicious.

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MADAME ROLAND.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Except Charlotte Corday and Marie Antoinette, none of the female victims of the French Revolution excited so much interest and compassion as Madame Roland. It was she who on the scaffold bowed to the collossal statue of liberty near by, and said:

"O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

These last words of a brave and gifted woman have been since a thousand times repeated, and have become domesticated, as it were, in all languages.

Madame Roland, born at Paris in 1754, was the daughter of an engraver in extensive business. Of seven children she was the only one who survived infancy, but she possessed vigor enough of mind and body for a family. There has seldom been so precocious a girl. She tells us, in her memoirs, that at four years of age she read with so much ease that nothing more was necessary than to supply her with books, and that she read all ordinary books without having to refer to her parents. Her father was neither a wise nor a good man; but he took so much pride in the remarkable talents of his child that he provided her as liberally with instruction, both in the useful and the ornamental branches, as if she had been a little princess.

All the day, she tells us, was employed with her masters, or in preparing for their coming; and as this abridged her time for reading, she used to get up at five in the morning, when a profound stillness reigned through the house, and steal softly without her shoes to her mother's room where her darling books were deposited, and there she would read and study until breakfast time.

With all this passion for learning, she was an obstinate and proud little body. Particularly, she revolted against personal chastisement, and gave her father, she says, many a good bite when he whipped her. She refused one day to take some nauseous medicine, and her father attempted to whip her into a compliance with the doctor's prescription. Two severe whippings failing to accomplish the object, her father prepared to administer a third. All at once, she relates, her tears ceased to flow, and the whole force of her being was concentrated in the resolution to submit to death itself rather than yield. She presented her back in silence, and awaited the cruel strokes without a sob.

"My father," says she, "might have killed me on the spot, but he would not have drawn from me a single sigh. I experienced the same inflexible firmness that I have since felt on great and trying occasions; nor would it at this moment cost me more to ascend undauntedly the scaffold than it then did to resign myself to brutal treatment, which might have killed but could not conquer me."

Her mother, seeing her resolution, drew her husband from the room, and put her daughter to bed. Returning at the end of two hours, she implored her with tears to take the medicine. The girl took the cup and swallowed the medicine at one draught. In a few minutes, nature itself rose in rebellion against the noxious compound and cast it forth. She was but seven years of age when this scene occurred, and from that time she never received a blow; and her father discovered that, with so intelligent a child, kindness succeeds better than violence.

At an early period of her life, attracted by the picturesque ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and the gentle piety of the nuns of a neighboring convent, she became extremely religious. She was weaned from the faith of her ancestors, as our Franklin was, by reading controversial writings. The arguments, she says, which were quoted by Catholic authors in order to refute them, let her into the secret of the objections usually brought against the faith, and, instead of being cured of her doubts, she was confirmed in them. From being a devotee, she became a deist. In due time, also, by reading the liberal authors of her country, she became an enthusiastic republican, and was prepared to welcome the Revolution before it came.

She grew into a young lady of commanding beauty, and many offers were made for her hand. When she had refused several matches, which her father thought advantageous, he became a little impatient.

"Tell me," he said, one day, "who it is that will suit you?"

"Tell me, also," she replied, "why in bringing me up, you taught me to think, and allowed me to contract habits of study. I know not what kind of man I shall marry; I know only he must be one who can share my sentiments, and to whom I can communicate my thoughts."

"But there are business men," said her father, "who possess both politeness and information."

"Yes," she replied, "but not of the kind I want. Their politeness consists in a few phrases and bows, and their knowledge relates to the cash-box, and would little assist me in the education of my children."

"You might educate them yourself," said the father.

"Hard would be the task," she answered, "if not shared by the man to whom they would owe their existence. I conceive that the strictest union of hearts is necessary to happiness in marriage. My husband must even be my superior; for since both nature and the law give him the mastery, I should be ashamed of him if he did not really deserve it."

"You want a lawyer, I suppose," said her father. "But women are not very happy with those learned gentlemen."

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, "I do not judge a man by the profession he follows; I want a man I can love."

Such conversations were frequent between herself and her parents. They had educated her, in fact, to such a point, that no man whom she was likely to meet, would satisfy her affections. Chance, however, brought to her abode, at length, a gentleman and a scholar, John Roland, a man of considerable learning, respectable birth and moderate fortune, who held a post under government. After her first interview with him, she thus described him, in a letter to a friend:

> "I beheld," she wrote, "a man somewhat more than forty years of age, tall, negligent in his appearance, and with that kind of stiffness in his manners contracted by study. His person was thin, his complexion yellow; his forehead, sparingly furnished with hair and very open, did not injure the regularity of his features, which, however, it rendered more respectable than pleasing. When he became animated in conversation an extremely subtle smile and a lively expression which pervaded his countenance, made him appear quite another person. His discourse, full of facts from a head abounding in ideas, occupied the judgment rather than flattered the ear."

In other words, he was a bald, ungainly and studious old bachelor, and very far from being worthy the love of such a woman in the prime of her beauty. She respected more than she loved him; but their acquaintance ended in marriage, when he was forty-six, and she twenty-six.

To this respectable man she was, at once, secretary, nurse and wife, and found a certain happiness in the punctual discharge of her duties.

The Revolution broke out. Roland was elected a deputy to represent Lyons in the National Assembly at Paris, where he sided at first with such radicals as Mirabeau, Danton and Robespierre, who met four times a week at his house. Called, at length, to the Ministry of the Interior, he had a part to play which was full of difficulties and of danger. It was during his ministry that the massacre of the 10th of August took place, and of that massacre he became the apologist.

"The people," said he, "I know are terrible in their vengeance, and yet there is a kind of justice in their vengeance."

He did, however, try to save the life of Louis XVI., by attempting to have the question of his death submitted to the people. He desired to stay the fury of the extreme revolutionists, and stop the shedding of blood; but he had neither the nerve nor the commanding character needful at the crisis. Dismissed from the ministry he fled from Paris, leaving his wife behind him. No one then supposed that her life or her liberty was in danger. She, indeed, during the first years of the revolution, was the pride and boast of the extremists. Her writings in the journals in favor of the revolution were among the most popular of the time. But when her just and benevolent soul recoiled from the atrocities of Marat and Robespierre, she fell under the ban, and a frivolous pretext was found for her arrest.

During the five months of her detention, she was wonderfully cheerful and composed. She passed her time in writing her Memoirs, and in ministering to the wants of the poor wretches around her, who had nothing but the prison fare. She denied herself coffee, chocolate and wine, lived upon the plainest fare, and appropriated the money thus saved to her fellow prisoners. She was resolved not to be subdued by her confinement.

"If I remain here six months," said she, "I will engage to leave the place with a bloom upon my cheeks, and a body not emaciated; for I have reduced my wants so that I can thrive well upon bread and soup and the blessings of the miserable."

After a ridiculous pretense of a trial, she was condemned to die. Her first thought was, as she says, to spare her country the shame of another judicial murder by taking opium, and thus terminating her own existence. But, upon reflexion, deeming this unworthy of her, she resolved to meet her fate. She was carried to the place of execution upon a cart. There was one prisoner in the vehicle with her—a man, who, however, was less a man than she. She confronted the hootings of the populace with more than serenity—with cheerfulness—and so raised the drooping spirits of her companion, that a smile at last appeared upon his countenance. She begged him to ascend the scaffold first, that he might not be afflicted and unmanned by the spectacle of her death. But this the executioner could not permit. She asked, also, but in vain, permission to write, in order that she might record the feelings she had experienced and the thoughts she had conceived while on her way to the scaffold. Her last words have been given above, and a few seconds after she had uttered them the ax of the guillotine severed her beautiful head from her body.

Her husband had an ignobler end. A few days after the news reached him of his wife's execution, he left the house in the country, in which he had long been concealed, and, drawing a sword from his cane, he placed the handle of it against an apple-tree and pressed the point through his heart. He was found the next day sitting upon the grass and leaning against the tree in so natural an attitude, that the passers-by at first supposed him to be asleep.

The only daughter of this ill-starred pair survived the horrors of the revolution, and was afterwards happily married to one of their friends.

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YOUNG TURKEY.

Allah il Allah! Reform has reached the city of the Caliphs. Radicalism shakes its fist defiantly in the stronghold of oriental despotism. John Brights have arisen on the banks of the Bosphorus. Thaddeus Stevenses harangue the multitude on the Golden Horn. The "Spirit of the Age" bestraddles the Dardanelles, and with one foot on Turkey in Asia and the other on Turkey in Europe, talks anti-slavery to the children of the Prophet. There are to be elections and things in the land of the bowstring. Shade of Alborak, the white mule, that carried Mahomet into the seventh Heaven, can it be possible! The beards of the Pachas curl with indignation, but the rank and file of the Osmanlie "talk Turkey" to them notwithstanding—even "Young Turkey." The dogs of Byzantium, that have been free of the city from time immemorial, howl in anger, for their suppression is threatened. Clean streets are talked of by orators who mount the piles of garbage that encumber every thoroughfare, to preach sanitary reform. There will be a "board of health" in Istamboul ere long, and mayhap a mayor and common council as incorruptible as our own! See what the example of this enlightened country is doing for the worshippers of Mahomed. Peter the Hermit, Godfrey of Boulogne, Cœur de Lion, and Saint Louis, essayed to civilize the Saracens in vain. The wretched Paynims were lanced, maced, hacked, anathematized and crucified, yet still they stuck to their heathen ways as obstinately as ever. It was ordained that they should only succumb to the Great Moral Crusader, Yankee Doodle. They have read his glorious record and resolved to follow in his footsteps. Success to their slippered feet! We shall make Christians of them yet. Abdel Assiz goes with the crowd. He might as well, for he cannot help himself. One of those revolutions that never go backward has begun in the Ottoman Empire, and if Russia does not swallow it up before it has time to work out its own salvation, we may yet hear of a Turkish Congress under the dome of St. Sophia, and of Sultans snubbed and threatened with impeachment, as if they were mere Presidents. The Turks, barring their absurd creed, are quite as estimable a people as the Greeks, and, in fact, much more honest and truthful, and the *Ledger* is glad to hear that they are waking up.

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THE MATRIMONIAL CHAIN-GANG.

Sometimes the links of matrimony's chain are composed of thornless roses, but sometimes, alas! of corrugated iron, that galls the wearers and renders life's pilgrimage a constant penance. The sharp file of divorce is kept pretty constantly at work on the latter class of fetters; but, notwithstanding the exertions of enterprising lawyers, who advertise their readiness to put asunder those whom God has joined together, the gyves often prove too strong to be legally severed, and the unfortunate galley-slaves of Hymen continue to endure and curse their yoke-fellowship, until Death breaks the couplings. Too frequently—more frequently every year—one or other of the parties thus mis-matched violently snaps the chain, and "bolts" to parts unknown. In such cases, the charitable world usually ascribes the chief blame to the individual deserted, and almost invariably adopts this course when the abandoned one is the "weaker vessel." To the credit of womanhood be it said, at least two husbands desert their wives for every wife who runs away from her husband.

This fact should teach the ladies to exercise great caution in selecting, or rather in accepting, partners for life. Yet as a rule they don't. Ill-assorted pairs are encountered everywhere. In most matters the world grows wiser as it grows older; but assuredly not as regards the most important of all temporal concerns—the marriage relation. Profligacy and Purity, Intelligence and Folly, Amiability and Ferocity, are tied together every day, as if in mockery of the laws of affinity, and the results are disgust and misery unutterable. The reign of perfect peace on earth is typified by the lying down together of the lion and the lamb; but when a lamb-like woman mates with a wolf-like man, a pandemonium on earth is morally certain to be the portion of the gentler party to the contract. Love is said to be blind, but is often worse than that—affected with a species of amourosis which actually imparts to the vices of the beloved object the semblance of virtues.

It is a popular maxim that women should "consult their own hearts" when wooers plead for their hands. The maxim requires qualification. Let them consult their heads as well as their hearts, keeping their affections in abeyance until Reflection has summed up the case, and Reason rendered a verdict. When this simple method of arriving at a wholesome decision shall have been adopted by the majority of both sexes, the millennial era may be confidently expected as an immediate consequence. Pending that event, let all mismated couples try to wear the manacles that link them together as if they were not handcuffs, and so manage them in jogging along Life's crowded thoroughfare, that no harsh grating and jangling shall offend the general ear.

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OVER-CANDID: AN EPIGRAM.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Buxom Bess, discoursing free,
  Owned, with wondrous meekness,
Just one fault—what could it be?—
  One peculiar weakness;
She, in candor, must confess
  Nature failed to send her
Woman's usual tenderness
  Toward the other gender!—
Foolish Bessie!—thus to tell—,
  Had she not confessed it,
Not a man who knows her well
  Ever would have guessed it!

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TYRANTS OF THE SHOP.

There are persons who can regard oppression and injustice without any acceleration of the pulse. There are others who never witness it, how frequent soever, without a desperate struggle against non-interference, though prudence and policy may both whisper "it's none of your business." I believe, as a general thing, that the shopkeepers of New York who employ girls and women to tend in their stores, treat them courteously; but now and then I have been witness to such brutal language to them in the presence of customers, for that which seemed to me no offence, or at least a very trifling one, that I have longed for a man's strong right arm summarily to settle matters with the oppressor. And when one has been the innocent cause of it, merely by entering the store to make a purchase, the obligation to see the victim safe through seems almost imperative. The bad policy of such an exhibition of unmanliness on the part of a shopkeeper would be, one would think, sufficient to stifle the "damn you" to the blushing, tearful girl, who is powerless to escape, or to clear herself from the charge of misbehavior. When ladies "go shopping," in New York, they generally expect to enjoy themselves; though Heaven knows, they must be hard up for resources to fancy this mode of spending their time, when it can be avoided. But, be that as it may, the most vapid can scarcely fancy this sort of scene.

The most disgusting part of such an exhibition is, when the gentlemanly employer, having got through "damning his embarrassed victim," turns, with a sweet smile and dulcet voice, to yourself, and inquires, "what else he can have the pleasure of showing you?" You are tempted to reply, "Sir, I would like you to show me that you can respect womanhood, although it may not be hedged about with fine raiment, or be able to buy civil words with a full purse." But you bite your tongue to keep it quiet, and you linger till this Nero has strolled off, and then you say to the girl, "I am so sorry to have been the innocent cause of this!" and you ask, "Does he often speak this way to you?" and she says, quietly, as she rolls up the ribbons or replaces the boxes on the shelves, "Never in any other!" It is useless to ask her why she stays, because you know something about women's wages and women's work in the crowded city; and you know that, till she is sure of another place, it is folly for her to think of leaving this. And you think many other things as you say Good-morning to her as kindly as you know how; and you turn over this whole "woman-question" as you run the risk of being knocked down and run over in the crowded thoroughfare through which you pass; and the jostle, and hurry, and rush about you, seem to make it more hopeless as each eager face passes you, intent on its own plans, busy with its own hopes and fears—staggering perhaps under a load either of the soul or body, or both, as heavy as the poor shop-girl's, and you gasp as if the air about had suddenly become too thick to breathe. And then you reach your own door-step, and, like a guilty creature, face your dressmaker, having forgotten to "match that trimming;" and you wonder if you were to sit down and write about this evil, if it would deter even one employer from such brutality to the shop-girls in his employ; not because of the brutality, perhaps, but because by such a short-sighted policy, he might often drive away from his store, ladies who would otherwise, be profitable and steady customers.

FANNY FERN.

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[From the Boston Evening Journal.]

THE NEW-YORK LEDGER.—Mr. Robert Bonner, whose shrewdness has been manifested on many occasions, has again illustrated the value of being a man of original ideas. No other publisher but Bonner would have thought of obtaining from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher an original story, and in making the Brooklyn Pulpit Orator a contributor, he has secured a card which, though costly, is an investment which is sure to pay. The first installment of the story appears in the *Ledger* of May 18, and we doubt if any one that even glances at it can resist the temptation of giving it a careful perusal. It is full of Beecherisms—pleasant conceits tartly enunciated, and it promises to prove intensely entertaining. But Mr. Bonner does not make Mr. Beecher a star writer and leave him to support the whole paper. He surrounds him with a perfect galaxy of popular authors. President Hill of Harvard College contributes a valuable article on "The Study of the Mathematics," in which he gives wholesome advice to students. This article is to be followed by other articles from the pen of the Presidents of the principal Colleges throughout the United States. Mr. James Parton, John G. Saxe, Mrs. Southworth, and several other writers of acknowledged ability appear as regular contributors. Mr. Bonner deserves success, and he is sure to gain it. We understand that 50,000 copies of the *Ledger* containing the first chapter of Mr. Beecher's story came to this city.

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[From the Brooklyn Daily Times.]

We have just finished the perusal of the opening chapters of "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England." It contains some of the ablest, truest, most characteristic passages which have ever fallen from Henry Ward Beecher's pen. The novel opens with a beautiful and idyllic simplicity. We are at once transported to the midst of the picturesque little New-England town; we hear the rustle of the green leaves of the old elms as they are stirred by the soft summer breeze; we join in the homely but sagacious and honest talk of these sturdy farmers, and admire the shy beauty of the pretty New-England lasses, as they trip demurely to church and singing-school.

THE DREAMER.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.

The Earth in a soft pavilion lies,
With half-closed eyes upturned to the roof,
While light little airs from the calm blue skies
Wave the gray haze-curtains of delicate woof,
Letting the sunbeams flutter and flow
On the faint-flushed cheek of the dreamer below.

II.

By banks of violets sings the brook,
Loud o'er the pebble and soft o'er the sand;
And the waveless lake, like a silver book
Just dropped from the sleeper's listless hand,
Reveals its images, crystal-bright,
Of shores reversed and clouds in their flight.

III.

A lone bird-call from the woodland brown,
A nearer whistle from out the copse,
A fountain of melody bubbling down
From the thrush who has built in the cedar-tops;
And the lips of the dreamer with bright smiles part
As the music steals to her tender heart.

IV.

A pair of lovers, with downcast eyes,
Stroll down through the fragrant meadow-sweet,
With low-tongued queries and lower replies,
For they love the beauty asleep at their feet.
"Sweet be thy dreams, dear mother!" they say;
"We, thy children, bless thee for aye!"

V.

"Sweet be thy dreams!" from the tinkling brook
And the waving willows around the lake;
"Sweet be thy dreams!" from the clover nook;
"Sweet be thy dreams, for thy children's sake!"
And the benisons fall on the sleeper's breast,
And gladden her deep maternal rest.

VI.

So, softly pavilioned from troubles and storms,
With her spirit away in the far deep skies,
In dreams she repeats the beautiful forms
Which she sees and studies in Paradise;
And the vagrant sunbeams flutter and flow,
Like angel-smiles, o'er the dreamer below.

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WINNING HER WAY.

By **MRS. SOUTHWORTH**,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS.

Little can we tell, who share
Our household hearth of love and care;
Therefore with grave tenderness,
Should we strive to love and bless
All who live this little life,
Soothing sorrows, calming strife,
Lest we wrong some seraph here,
Who has left the starry sphere,
Exiled from the heavens above,
To fulfil some mortal love.
T. POWELL.

In the course of the next week, one or more from every family who had been invited to the Christmas party, called, and all who did so, left cards also for Mrs. Alexander Lyon.

Besides this, Mrs. Colonel Seymour, the nearest neighbor and most intimate friend of the Lyons, issued invitations for a large party to come off on Twelfth Night. And the General, Anna, Drusilla and Dick, each received one.

"What shall you wear, Drusilla?" inquired Anna, as the two young women sat together looking at their cards.

"Dear Anna, I do not know that I shall go," answered Drusilla, gravely.

"Why not?"

"I have an instinctive feeling that I should live very quietly while separated from my husband—live, in fact, as I should have lived, if I had *gone* back to Cedarwood alone."

"*If you had gone back to Cedarwood alone, it would have been eminently necessary for you to have lived the life of a hermit, to save your reputation from utter ruin; and even then you [illegible] your character from misconstruction and misrepresentation. But now you are living with us, which makes all the difference. Here you may freely enjoy all the social pleasures natural to your youth. The most malignant stabber of fair fame that ever lived would never dare to assail a lady who is a member of General Lyon's family," said Anna, proudly. "And it was to secure this freedom of action and these social enjoyments to you, no less than to shield you from danger, that my dear grandfather so firmly insisted on your remaining with us," she added.

"Oh, how can I be grateful enough to him for all his loving kindness to me? Oh, Anna, under Divine Providence, he has been my salvation!" exclaimed Drusilla, her face beaming with gratitude and affection.

"I am very glad you came here as you did, my dear, and gave him the opportunity of doing what he has done. He has a great large heart, and not objects enough to fill it. He is very fond of you and your boy, and your presence here makes him happier. But 'to return to our muttons'—about this party at the Seymours. Now, as to your scruples about going into company, instead of living secluded on account of Alexander's desertion,—dismiss them at once. Leaning on my grandfather's arm,—for he is to be your escort, and Dick mine,—you can go anywhere with safety. But, if there is any other reason why you do not wish to go to the Seymours, of course you can stay at home. We wish you to use the most perfect freedom of action, my dear Drusilla, and we will only interfere when we see you inclined to immolate yourself upon the pagan altar of your idol. So, in the matter of the party, pray do as you please."

"Then, if you and uncle think it right, I would like very much to go with you. I enjoy parties. I enjoyed ours very much."

"I should think you did. You are not seventeen years old yet, and all your social pleasures are to come. You were the beauty of the evening, my little cousin."

"Oh no, Anna, oh no, no, *no*, Anna! that I never could be where *you* are!" exclaimed Drusilla, blushing intensely with the earnestness of her denial.

"Nonsense! I am an old maid. I am quite *passeé*. I am nearly twenty-three years old, and have been out five seasons!" laughed Anna, with the imperious disdain of her own words with which a conscious beauty sometimes says just such things.

"Oh, Anna, Anna, how can you say such things of yourself? I would not let any one else say them of you, Anna! Why, Anna, you know you moved through your grandfather's halls that night a perfect queen of beauty! There was no one who could at all equal or approach you!"

"Nonsense, I say! I overheard several people say that I was not looking so well as usual—that I had seen my best days, and so forth."

"They were envious and spiteful people whom you had eclipsed Anna, and, if *I* had heard them, I should have given them to know it!"

"*You*, you little pigeon, can you peck?" laughed Anna.

"Pigeons can peck, and sharply too, I assure you. And I should have pecked any one whom I heard saying impertinent things of you; but I heard nothing of the sort—I heard only praises and admiration. But there! I declare you ought not to disparage yourself so as to oblige me to tell the truth about you to your face, for, in this case, truth is high praise, and it is perfectly odious to have to praise a friend to her face," said Drusilla.

"I agree with you. So if you will let me have the last word and say that you really *were* the beauty of our ball, I will consent to drop the subject. And now for the other one! So you would like to go to the Seymours?"

"Yes, very much, for I enjoy parties. I do not think I should like to go to one every day or even every week; but once or twice a month I really should enjoy them."

"What a moderate little belle! Well, and now comes the next important question. What are we to wear? Unluckily we cannot order the carriage and drive down the street to the most fashionable modistes and inspect the newest styles of dress goods and head-dresses and all that, as if we were in the city. We are in the country, and must make our toilet from what we have got in the house. Heigh ho! it is a great bore, being so far away from shops."

"But, oh, Anna, we have got so much in the house. Think of your magnificent trousseau, with scarcely one of your many dresses touched yet."

"That is all very well. But you know they were made and trimmed between two and six months ago; and every week something new in the way of trimmings and head-dresses comes up in town. However, we must do the best we can. It is a country ball, and all the guests will be in the same case, that is one comfort."

"Not one of them will be so well off as you are with your trousseau."

"That is true, and that is another comfort, a very selfish one however. Well, let me see, I think I will wear my light blue taffeta, with a white illusion over it, looped up with blue bells and lilies of the valley, with a wreath of the same. How will that do?"

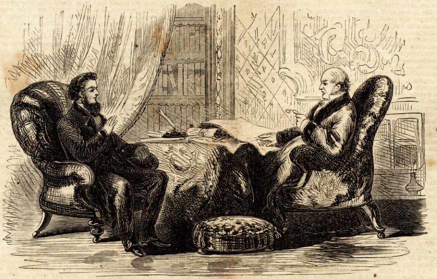
"It will be very pretty and tasteful."

"And you, my darling? What have you to wear? You know my dresses fit you, and my wardrobe is quite at your service."

"Thanks, dear Anna; but I have a great plenty of dresses that have never been worn, and of dress goods that have never been made up. In the first weeks of our married life my dear Alick bought every rich and pretty thing he could lay his hands on for me."

"Very well, then. What shall you wear?"

"You know that being in the second year of my mourning, I am restricted to black and white. I think a black illusion over black silk, with the sleeves and bosom edged with ruches of white illusion; pearl necklace and bracelets, and half open white moss roses in my hair and on my bosom; white kid gloves and white fan. There, Anna dear, I have given you a complete description of my intended toilet."



THE CONSULTATION.

"And nothing could be prettier. Here comes grandpapa!"

And at that moment the old gentleman entered the room.

"Well, my dears, if we *are* immured in the country at this festive season of the year, we are not likely to be very dull, are we?" smiled the old gentleman, holding out his card.

"No indeed, sir; that we are not! But what do you think of Drusilla here? She was really meditating upon the propriety of her giving up all society, and living the life of a recluse," said Anna, mischievously.

"Well, if such a life is so much to her taste, we have no sort of right to object," the old man replied, in the same spirit of raillery.

"But it is not to her taste. Drusilla is formed by nature and disposition to enjoy all innocent social pleasures. But she imagined that in her peculiar circumstances it became her duty to retire from the world altogether."

The veteran turned his clear eyes kindly on his protégée, and taking her hand, said:

"My dear child, when I gave you a daughter's place in my heart and home, and took a father's position towards you, I became responsible for the safety of your fair fame as well as for your person. Both are perfectly secure under my protection. No one will venture to assail the one more than the other. Go wherever Anna goes, enjoy all that she enjoys. It is even well that you should have the harmless recreations natural to your youth, and that she should have a companion of her own sex. And I shall always be your escort."

Drusilla pressed the old man's hand to her heart and lips; it was her usual way of thanking him.

And this quite settled the question, if it had not been settled before.

When Twelfth day came, Anna and Drusilla, beautifully attired in the dresses they had decided upon, and escorted by General Lyon and Dick, went to the Seymour's party.

As at the Christmas ball, Drusilla's beauty created a great sensation; not, indeed, that she was more beautiful than Miss Lyon, but her beauty was of a fresher type. As before, General Lyon was her first partner, and Richard Hammond her second. And after that, there was great rivalry among the candidates for the honor of her hand. But she danced only quadrilles; and only with those presented to her by her uncle. This ball, like all country balls, was kept up all night. But General Lyon's age and Drusilla's maternal solicitude, both rendered it expedient that they should retire early. So a few minutes after twelve, the old gentleman and his protégée took leave, promising that the coachman should have orders to return at daylight and fetch Anna and Dick home.

After this followed other parties given by the country gentry. And to all of them the Lyons were invited, and in all the invitations Drusilla was included. And the lovely young wife was admired by all who saw her, and beloved by those who came to know her well.

Occasionally, embarrassing questions were asked by those who had more curiosity than tact, but they were always skilfully parried by the party to whom they were put.

For instance, when some old crony would venture to ask the General how it was that Mr. Alick had married this clergyman's orphan daughter when all the world supposed him to be about to marry his cousin Anna, the General would answer, as before:

"That projected marriage was a plan of mine and of my brother's; and as it was based upon our own wishes rather than on the affections of our young people, it did not succeed, and did not deserve to do so. The aged cannot choose for the young in affairs of the heart. My nephew married this charming girl privately one year ago, and the ceremony was repeated publicly in my house two months since. I gave the bride away. And I am very much charmed with my niece. My granddaughter Anna, and my grand nephew, Richard Hammond, will be united in a few months."

"But where is the happy bridegroom now?" might be the next question.

"Alexander is in Washington negotiating the sale of real estate," would be the answer.

Sometimes a troublesome questioner, in the form of some young friend or companion would assail Anna, in some such way as this:

"Well, we were never more surprised in our lives than when we found out that Alick Lyon had married a parson's daughter without a penny. We thought you were going to take him, Anna?"

"But I preferred Dick," would be Anna's frank reply.

"Then I suppose he married the clergyman's daughter in a fit of pique."

"Not at all; it was in a fit of love."

"And she quite penniless."

"I beg your pardon, she is a very wealthy woman."

"What! the clergyman's daughter?"

"Yes, for she is a billionaire's niece, and sole heiress."

"Oh! then it was a mercenary match?"

"Not at all, for he knew nothing of her fortune when he married her. And now, also, please remember you are speaking of my cousins."

"Beg your pardon, Anna! I meant no harm; and you know you and I are such old, old friends!"

Very often it would be Richard Hammond who would be called to the witness stand with a—

"Hillo, Dick! so you are a lucky dog after all! How was it now? Come, tell us all about it! Did you cut Alick out with Anna, or did the pretty little parson's daughter cut Anna out with Alick?"

"Each one of us cut all the others out," Dick would reply, with owl-like gravity.

"Eh? what? stop, don't go away! How can that be? We don't understand!"

"Well, if you don't, that's your look out. *I* can't make you understand."

And so Dick would turn off impertinent inquiry.

Fortunately, also, everywhere Drusilla's face and manners inspired perfect confidence and warm esteem. No one could look on her, or hear her speak, and doubt her goodness.

"It is very queer. There's a screw loose somewhere; but whoever may be wrong, *she* is all right," was the verdict of the neighborhood in the young wife's favor.

Meanwhile a very brisk correspondence went on between General Lyon on one part, and Messrs. Heneage and Kent (Drusilla's lawyers) on the other. The General soon convinced the legal gentlemen that Anna Drusilla Lyon, born Stirling, was the heiress of whom they were in search.

Still, where so much was at stake, they were bound to be very cautious, and to receive nothing, not the very smallest fact, upon trust.

So, though General Lyon very seldom troubled Drusilla with this correspondence, he did sometimes feel obliged to come to her for information as to where a certain important witness was to be found; in what cemetery a particular tombstone was to be looked for; or in what parish church such a marriage had been solemnized, or such a baptism administered.

And Drusilla's prompt and pointed answers very much cleared and expedited the business.

In a more advanced stage of affairs it seemed that she would have to go up to Baltimore; but General Lyon would not hear of her taking any trouble that he could save her; so he wrote to the legal gentlemen, requesting one of the firm to come down to Old Lyon Hall in person, or to send a confidential clerk, and promising to pay all expenses of travelling, loss of time, and so forth.

In answer to this letter, Mr. Kent, the junior partner, arrived at the old hall early in February.

He was armed with a formidable bag of documents, and he was closeted all day long with General Lyon in the study.

One can have no secrets from one's lawyer any more than from one's physician or confessor; and so General Lyon felt constrained to tell Mr. Kent of the existing estrangement between the heiress and her husband.

"And what I particularly wish," said the general, confidentially and earnestly, "is that the whole of this large inheritance, coming as it does from *her* family, may be secured to her separate use, independently of her husband."

"And that, you are aware, cannot be done, except through a process of law. She must sue for a separate maintenance. Even in such a case I doubt whether the court would adjudge her the *whole* of this enormous fortune, or even the half of it. Still it is her only resource," answered Lawyer Kent.

"A resource she will never resort to. It would be vain and worse than vain to suggest it to her. She worships her husband; and it is through no fault of hers that they are estranged. Indeed, it was through consideration for him that she was so reticent last year, as to raise suspicions in your mind that her claim to the estate was an unjustly assumed one. No, Mr. Kent, we must take some other course to secure the inheritance to her, and without saying a word to her on the subject either."

"There is no other way, sir, but by such a suit as I have suggested."

"Pardon me, I think there is. Mr. Alexander Lyon has deserted his wife and child and failed to provide for them. Such is not the course of an honorable man. Still, as some of the same sort of blood that warms my own old heart runs also in his veins, there must be some little sense of honor sleeping somewhere in his system. We must awaken it and appeal to it. He must of his own free will make over all his right, title and interest in this inheritance to his injured young wife."

"Does he know of this inheritance, sir?"

"Not one word, I think."

"Do you believe that he will act as you wish?"

"I have not the least doubt of it. Without this fortune of his wife, he is as rich as Crœsus; and he is also as proud as Lucifer. Having discarded her, he would not touch a penny of her money, if it was to save his own life or hers. So it is not because I think he would waste, or even use her means, that I wish her fortune settled upon herself, but because I wish her to be totally independent of him and to be able to do her own will with her own money."

"I see," said Mr. Kent. "Where is Mr. Alexander Lyon now?"

"In Washington City, where I would like you to call upon and apprise him of this large inheritance and of our wishes in regard to it."

"I will do so with pleasure. Pray give me your instructions at large, and also a letter of introduction to Mr. Lyon."

"I had almost sworn never to hold any communication with that man again. But for his wife's dear sake I will write the letter. And now, Mr. Kent, there is our first dinner-bell. Allow me to ring for a servant, who will show you to a chamber prepared for you. I will await you here and take you to the dining-room."

The dust-covered lawyer bowed his thanks and followed the servant who was called to attend him.

At dinner that day, the lawyer, for the first time, met his beautiful client, Mrs. Alexander Lyon. And with all his experience of mankind, great was his wonder that any man in his sober senses could have abandoned such a lovely young creature.

Mr. Kent staid two days at Old Lyon Hall, and then, primed with instructions and with a letter to Alexander, he left for Washington and Baltimore.

It happened just as General Lyon had predicted.

Alexander, sulking, at his apartments in one of the most fashionable hotels in the Capital, received the lawyer's visit and his uncle's letter.

He was immeasureably astonished at the announcement of his wife's inheritance of an enormous fortune. At first, indeed, he listened to the intelligence with scornful incredulity; but when convinced beyond all doubt of the truth, his amazement was unbounded. He had never before heard of the California billionaire, and could not now realize the fact that poor Drusilla was a great heiress. He scarcely succeeded in concealing from the lawyer the excess of his amazement. He was, literally, almost "stunned" by the news.

The lawyer's time was precious; so, barely giving Mr. Alexander a minute to recover his lost breath, and acting upon General Lyon's instructions, he proposed to the husband to resign the whole of her newly-inherited wealth to his discarded wife.

Alexander arose, a proud disdain curling his lips and flashing from his eyes, and answered haughtily:

"Unquestionably, sir! Prepare the proper papers with your utmost dispatch. I had intended to sail for Europe in Saturday's steamer, but I will forfeit my passage and wait here until these deeds shall be executed; for I could no more bear to hold an hour's interest in her inheritance than I could endure any other sort of ignominy. How soon can the documents be ready?"

Mr. Kent could not tell within a day or two—lawyers never can, you know. But he engaged to prepare them very early in the next week, in time for Mr. Lyon to embark upon his voyage on the following Saturday.

And so Lawyer Kent went on his way to Baltimore, musing:

"He is a splendid fellow, and she is a sweet young creature; they are an admirable pair! What the mischief can have come between them?—ah, the devil, of course!"

Mr. Kent was as good as his word. On Tuesday morning, he placed the requisite deeds in the hands of Mr. Lyon, who, in the presence of several witnesses and before a notary-public, formally signed, sealed, and delivered them again into the custody of the lawyer.

And, on Thursday evening, Mr. Kent arrived at Old Lyon Hall, to announce the successful termination of the whole business, and to congratulate his client on her accession to one of the largest fortunes in America.

"And I think, my dear," whispered General Lyon to his protegée, "that you cannot better show your sense of these gentlemen's zeal in your cause than by making them your agents in the management of your financial affairs."

"I perfectly agree with you, my dear uncle. Tell them so, please," replied Drusilla.

And so it was arranged; and Mr. Kent went on his way rejoicing, "having made a good thing of it."

"And Alick has signed over to me all his marital interest in my fortune! Well, I know he did not need any part of it; but he would have been welcome, oh, so heartily welcome to the whole. At most, I only should have wanted enough to buy back dear Cedarwood," said Drusilla to her gossip, Anna, as they sat together in the nursery.

"He did right. How *could* he have done otherwise under the circumstances? Even *you*, with all your loving faith, must have despised him if, after forsaking you, he had taken any part of your fortune," said Anna.

Drusilla blushed intensely, at the bare supposition that her Alick could do anything to make her loyal heart despise him, and she answered warmly:

"But he did not do it! He would never do such a thing. If my Alick has ever erred it has been under the influence of some great passion amounting almost to madness! He would not do wrong in cold blood."

Anna did not gainsay her. Miss Lyon had quite given up arguing with the young wife on the subject of her husband's merits. If Drusilla had chosen to assert that Alexander was the wisest of sages, the bravest of heroes and the best of saints, Anna would not openly have differed with her. But now she turned the conversation from his merits to his movements.

"Alick sails for Europe to-morrow," she said.

"Yes, so Mr. Kent says. But do you know what steamer he goes in, Anna? Mr. Kent did not happen to name it, and I shrank from asking him."

"There is but one—the Erie. I suppose, of course, he goes on that. However, on Monday we shall get the New York papers, and then we can examine the list of passengers, and see if his name is among them," said Anna.

And with that answer the young wife had to rest satisfied.

CHAPTER LV.

HALCYON DAYS.

A course of days, composing happy weeks,
And they as happy months; the day is still
So like the last, as all so firm a pledge
Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope.
WORDSWORTH.

Very early on Monday morning Jacob Junior was dispatched to Saulsburg to meet the mail and fetch the papers. The messenger was so diligent that he brought in the bag and delivered it to his master while the family sat at breakfast.

There were no letters for anybody, but all the last Saturday's papers had come.

General Lyon distributed them. A New York evening journal fell to Anna's share. She turned immediately to look for news of the outward bound steamers. She soon found what she was in search of. And as Alick's name was still a tacitly dropped word in the presence of her grandfather, she silently passed the paper to Drusilla, and pointed to the list of passengers for Liverpool who sailed by the Erie, from New York, on the Saturday previous.

Drusilla looked and read among them:

"*Mr. Alexander Lyon and two servants.*"

Drusilla nodded and smiled, saying in a low voice:

"It is better so, for the present. I hope that he will enjoy himself and come home in a happier frame of mind."

"Of whom are you speaking, my child?" inquired the general, raising his eyes from a report of the last great debate in the Senate.

"Of Alick. He sailed in the Erie for Liverpool on last Saturday," answered Drusilla, quite calmly.

"Ah! he did? Well, I think it about the best thing he could have done. I hope he will stay there until he comes to his senses. Joy go with him!" heartily exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Dear uncle!" pleaded Drusilla.

"Well, my dear, what now? I said, 'Joy go with him.' That was a benediction, was it not?"

"I thought it was a sarcasm," said Drusilla, archly.

The general coughed slightly and returned to the perusal of the debate.

So Mr. Alexander had betaken himself to parts unknown, and Drusilla was by no means broken-hearted on that account.

All the tears she was ever destined to shed for him seemed already to have fallen; all the heart aches she was ever to feel for him seemed already to have been suffered and forgotten.

Understand once for all that, though she loved him as faithfully and hoped in him as trustfully as ever, she no longer mourned his absence.

I repeat it—she could love forever and hope forever, but she could not grieve forever—not with her beautiful bright boy before her eyes.

It was delightful to see the young mother at this time of her life. She was the sunshine of that sweet old home. All the joyousness, hopefulness and trustfulness of childhood seemed to have returned to her; or, rather, as her own childhood had not been a particularly happy one, to have come to her for the first time with her child.

She sang in her nursing chair, or at her needle-work, all the morning; she sang at the piano, or the harp, or sang duets with Anna or Dick in the evening. She had a clear, sweet, elastic voice, a pure soprano, perfectly adapted to the bird-like carols that she most favored.

General Lyon, whose passion for music had survived all other enthusiasms, and had even increased with his declining years, seemed never to grow weary of her delicious notes.

This pleased Anna.

"Dear grandpa," she would often repeat, "I am so glad you have her here; and will have her with you when Dick takes me away. It will be such a comfort to me to feel that you are not lonesome."

"I don't know how that may be, my dear. The more I see of our darling, the more inclined I am to think that fellow will come to his senses and claim her from us before we are willing to resign her. And *then* what shall I do?" the old man once inquired, with a sigh.

And then Drusilla put her hand in his, and looked up in his eyes with all a daughter's devotion, and answered:

"Dear uncle, you sheltered me when I had not a friend in the world. You saved my life and my boy's life. You gave him your name, and gave us both a home. And I will never leave you alone, never—not even for *him* will I leave you, until Anna and Dick come home from their bridal tour to leave you no more."

"I know it, my child, I know it; I need no assurance from you to teach me how unselfish you are. But, my dear girl, do you think I would permit you to sacrifice your happiness for my sake? No, dear Drusilla, when our prodigal comes to himself and seeks your love again, you will be ready and eager to be reunited to him, and you must go with him, although I should be left alone. And this for *your* happiness, which must not be sacrificed for me."

"Happiness? sacrificed? Oh, uncle! father, dear, dear friend! you do not know my heart. The happiness would be in staying with you to solace your solitude; the sacrifice would be in leaving you alone. I *could* not and I *would* not do it, no, not even for my dear Alick. Nor would he wish it; for when he 'comes to himself,' as you say, he will come to his better, nobler self,—his just and true self."

"Ah! my darling, you have great faith in that man."

"Because I judge him by the whole tenor of his past life, and not by the last few months of moral insanity?"

"May Heaven justify your faith, my dear." replied the veteran.

Soon after the Christmas and New Year's festivities were over, Richard Hammond made a move towards terminating his visit. But poor Dick's nature was so perfectly transparent that every one knew it was a most reluctant move. General Lyon, Anna and Drusilla all knew that Dick was very desirous of staying at Old Lyon Hall, and they all felt that the "unlucky day," would be much safer with his relations in the country than among his "friends" in the city. So when Dick at length named an early day in February for his departure, the General said:

"Nonsense, boy, stay where you are."

"I should be glad enough to stay," Dick frankly answered, "but you see I feel I am trespassing. Bless my soul and life, sir, I have been here nearly three months."

"What of that? Stay three years. Stay three centuries if you live so long. My boy, all counted, we are but four; not enough to crowd this big old house; not enough to fill it, or half fill it. So, if you find yourself at ease among us, remain with us."

"But you see, dear grandpa," said Anna, wickedly, "he is *not* at ease among us. He is very restless with us. He is longing to get back to the city. He is pining for the society of his esteemed friends—the gallant Captain Reding and the brave Lieutenant Harpe."

"Oh, Anna, Anna! that was bloodthirsty!" said Dick in a grieved and outraged manner.

"Then if that is not so, what is the attraction to the city, Dick?" laughed Anna.

"Nothing at all. You know that as well as I do."

Anna did know it, but for all that she answered maliciously:

"Then I can't think why you wish to leave us."

"I *don't* wish to leave you. I would much rather stay. I have been here so long, I might well suppose that I had worn out my welcome. But as you and uncle are kind enough to tell me that I have not, I *will* stay, and 'thank you too,' as the girl said to the boy that asked her to have him."

"And don't take it into your head again, Dick, that you are wearing out your welcome. When we get tired of you, Dick, I will take it upon myself to send you about your business."

"Very well, Anna. I hope you will do so."

In truth, Dick had enough to keep him in the neighborhood. Hammond House and Hammondville, forming the greater portion of the landed estate he had recently inherited, lay within a few miles of Old Lyon Hall.

The whole place was now in charge of a resident bailiff, who was instructed to put it in thorough repair for the reception of its new master. And these repairs were going on as fast as circumstances would permit.

The outdoor work was of course frequently suspended during the inclemency of the weather. But the house was filled with carpenters, plasterers, painters and paper-hangers.

And it was well that Dick should occasionally ride there to overlook these workmen. The most careful instructions are not often carried out, under these circumstances, without the frequent presence of the master.

It was thought expedient also that Anna, whose home it would sometime be, should be taken into the counsels and accompany Dick in his visits of inspection to Hammond House. And whenever the weather permitted she went there with him.

Hammond House was not to be their permanent home, however. During the life of General Lyon, they were to live at Old Lyon Hall.

Three times a week, when the mail came into Saulsburg and the letters and papers were brought to Old Lyon Hall, Drusilla turned to the ship-news. At length she saw announced the safe arrival of the Erie at Liverpool. And then she knew that was the last of even indirect news she might hope to hear of Alexander.

But she was not depressed on that account. Her faith, hope and love were strong. Everybody was very good to her. Her baby boy was growing in strength, beauty and intelligence.

The spring was to be early this year. The latter days of February were bright and lovely harbingers of its quick approach.

In the finest hours of the finest days Drusilla took her baby out for short drives around the park—the nurse dragging the little carriage and the mother walking by its side, and Leo often following to open gates or remove obstacles.

There was not unfrequently a high dispute between the brother and sister as to who should take care of the baby.

Leo insisted that as the baby was a boy, it was *his* right to have charge of him, and declared that he could see no fitness at all in a girl setting herself up to nurse a boy.

Pina retorted that such a thing as a male nurse never was heard of either for male or female child.

Leo would then bring forward his mistress's promise that he himself should have a good time with little Master Leonard, riding him about on his shoulder.

Pina would request him to give that piece of information to the "horse-marines," who might be credulous enough to believe his story. As for herself, she rejected it totally and held fast by her own rights as sole nurse by appointment of her mistress.

Through all these quarrels one fact was evident—the devotion of the brother and sister to the young child and his mother, of whom it might almost be said that their servants were ready to lay down their lives in their service.

Drusilla had not given up her favorite project of purchasing Cedarwood. She had written and instructed her attorneys to make overtures to the present proprietors of the place, for that purchase. She told them that she knew of course the people who had so recently purchased the property would want a very handsome bonus before they would consent to part with it again so soon; and that she was prepared to satisfy their demands, as she preferred to pay an exorbitant price for the place rather than miss its possession.

Her attorneys, who were long-headed men of business, in no way given to sentiment or extravagance, wrote in reply that they hoped with a little patience and good management to buy the estate at something like a fair valuation.

So Drusilla agreed to wait.

Meanwhile General Lyon had not forgotten that he had promised to purchase Cedarwood, and bestow it upon Drusilla as a New Year's present. And he also set about negotiating for his purpose.

This reached the ears of Drusilla's lawyers, who immediately wrote to ask her if she was aware that her uncle, also, was after the place.

Drusilla was not aware of the fact; but now that she heard of it, she of course understood that the General could only be seeking it for her sake.

So she went to the old gentleman and assured him that as much as she loved him, she could not possibly receive so magnificent a present from his hands, but very much desired to purchase the estate with her own funds.

General Lyon laughed, and assured her that his only motive in trying to buy Cedarwood was to keep his word to her; but that, if she released him from it, he was ready to give up the project. For he was well aware, he said, that to bestow property on a lady who owned warehouses piled with merchandize in Baltimore and San Francisco, and merchant ships at sea trading to all parts of the world, besides bank stock and railway shares in almost every State, and gold mines in California, to bestow a little bit of property on such a billionaire would simply be to send coals to Newcastle."

So the General wrote and stopped the proceedings of *his* lawyers.

And Drusilla wrote and told *hers* to go ahead as fast as they saw fit.

But it was April before any measure of importance was taken. Then Messrs. Heneage & Kent, who had been as active and as artful as detectives in the business, wrote to inform their client that they had discovered that the present proprietor of Cedarwood, who was a person of very restless disposition and unsettled habits, had become dissatisfied with the place and was anxious to dispose of it, and would do so immediately if he could sell it for as much as he gave for it. Now, as Alexander Lyon had sold the estate at some sacrifice during his fit of fury, it was therefore supposed to be a good bargain. The lawyers wrote to ask further instructions from their client.

Drusilla by return mail directed them to buy Cedarwood immediately, as her great desire was to possess it as soon as possible, on any terms. She also requested them to buy as much of the wooded land around Cedarwood as they could get at a reasonable, or even at a slightly *unreasonable* price, as she intended to improve the place as much as it would admit of, and wished, among other things, to have a little home park.

It was well for this young Fortunata that her attorneys had much more prudence than herself. They were not disposed to pay fancy prices for fancy places, even when they were spending their client's money instead of their own, and getting a good percentage on it. So they managed matters so well that, by the first of May, the whole business was successfully completed.

Cedarwood, with its original twenty-five acres of partially cleared land, was purchased for twenty thousand dollars, and one hundred acres of wild forest land lying all around it was purchased for thirty thousand—the whole property costing fifty thousand.

"A very excellent investment," wrote Heneage & Kent, "even as a mere country seat; but the land so near the city is rapidly rising in value; and when you may wish to do so in future years, you may divide it into half a hundred villa sites, and sell each part for as much money as you now pay for the whole."

But Drusilla was not thinking of land speculations, so she ran to her friends and, after telling them of the completion of the purchase of Cedarwood, she exclaimed:

"And now we shall have such a beautiful home near the city to receive us all when we go to Washington to spend the winter. It will be so much better than a hotel or boarding-house in the city. It is only half an hour's drive from the Capitol. We can live there so comfortable and be as quiet as we please when we wish to be so, and enter into all the amusements of the city we like when we wish to do so. It will only be to start half an hour earlier when we go to a party or a play, half an hour earlier from Cedarwood than we should from a hotel in the city, I mean. And then when we leave a brilliant ball-room or opera-house, it will be so pleasant to come to a sweet, quiet home in the woods, instead of to a noisy, unwholesome hotel—don't you think so, dear uncle?" she said, appealing to the General.

"Yes, my darling, I do," answered the old gentleman.

"And shall you like the plan?"

"Very much, my dear child. I never could sleep well at any of the hotels in Washington or in any other city, for that matter. The noise of the carriages in the streets always kept me awake nearly all night."

"And you, Anna—shall you like it?"

"Of course I shall. I detest hotels. The clean, face towels always smell sour or fetid, for one thing. And boarding houses and furnished lodgings are almost as bad."

"I am delighted! So in future I and my baby shall be *your* guests at old Lyon Hall or at Hammond House during the summer, and you all shall be my guests at Cedarwood all the winter. And I shall write to "mammy," and offer her and her husband the situations of housekeeper and head gardener there, at liberal wages. And they will keep the house and grounds always in good order, and ready to receive us. Will not that be pleasant, Dick?"

"Pleasant!" exclaimed Mr. Hammond, enthusiastically; "it will be perfectly delightful."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE HIGHWAY ROBBER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Now, Charley, you will have to ride fast, if you expect to get home by dark!"

"I don't expect to get home before dark," I answered, deliberately buttoning my gloves, while my sister fluttered around me like a human specimen of the tribe humming-bird, and her husband, the sober, steady-going city lawyer regarded her with pleased admiration!

"There, there, Sybil, you'll strangle me outright if you put any more scarfs round my neck. I am not an Egyptian mummy, although you seem to have some such impressions in your mind!"

"Well, but, Charley, what will Miriam say, if you take cold?"

"Dose me with hot foot-baths and syrup of squills, I suppose. Come—I must be off!"

"Did you put the money in your inside coat pocket?" asked my brother-in-law.

"Certainly, I did—two hundred and fifty dollars of my own and five hundred of Mrs. Torrey's. Upon my honor, the temptation to bid adieu to my native land and depart for California—abscond, in short—is rather a strong one!"

"We'll send a policeman in charge," said Sybil's husband, drily. "It will be mortifying to your relations, but that we must endeavor to endure!"

So, after a little more careless badinage of this sort, I jumped into my little open wagon, drawing the plush-lined robe over my knees, for the October evening was sharp and frosty, although brilliantly clear, and drove briskly away through the liquid gold of the sunset!

It was a long ride that lay before me—some seven miles into the country, through lonely picturesque roads, shut in by magnificent pine trees, and leafless oak forests, and, as I was rather a lover of solitude, the prospect was by no means uninviting, and my chestnut-colored horse trotted soberly along the road as if he were quite prepared for the evening's pilgrimage.

I had stopped at the Bank that afternoon, and drawn out ten hundred and fifty dollars for immediate use, which was in my inner breast pocket, snugly rolled away in an old leather pocket-book, and in yet another pocket-book was five hundred dollars entrusted to my care by my brother-in-law, for Mrs. Torrey, a hard working old widow lady who dwelt just beyond my own home. Walton had invested money for her, and this was the result—a gratifying surprise to the poor old creature whose means were painfully limited.

As I reached the entrance to the wooded road, or rather the spot where the wooded road branched away from the more universally travelled main turn-pike, the sun sank below the horizon, and the refreshing coolness and delicious air of twilight, all scented with resinous piney odors and the musky perfume of fallen leaves, began to pervade my lonely path. Involuntarily I slackened my reins and looked round the sweet woodland solitude.

Not entirely a solitude, however. A single person sat on the crumbling trunk of a fallen tree, just within the edge of the woods—an old woman, clad in a worn, brown cloak, with a quilted black hood on her head. As the clear ring of my horse's hoofs sounded on the road, she rose up—a tall, bowed form, and recommenced a weary gait, like one little refreshed by rest.

As I overtook her, a vague feeling of compunction entered my mind—some dim and undefined recollection of my old mother, now long dead and buried, floated across my memory, and I checked Baron instinctively.

"We are going the same way," I said, "will you ride?"

With some muttered formula of thanks, the old woman hobbled to the side of the wagon. I put out my hand to assist her, but with an agility that was little short of marvellous, she sprang up to her seat beside me.

"Why, you are very nimble for your years, good mother," I said, pleasantly.

"Not very, sir," she said, in a strange, hoarse voice. "I am old—old and feeble."

Old and feeble she might have been, but she was tall and largely made, with muscular arms, and a gigantic frame. I thought of Meg Merrilies. She would have been aptly represented by my singular companion!

I made one or two efforts to draw her into conversation, but she was not inclined to talk, and kept the hood drawn well over her face, as I drove on in silence.

As we came into an opening, where the clear traces of sunset yet made a brightness in the silent air, I stooped suddenly forward; ostensibly to pick up my fallen whip from the floor of the wagon, to which it had slipped,—in reality to obtain a glimpse of my companion's face.

Merciful Father! it was the dark and bearded face of a man—a face lighted by deep set black eyes, with shagged elf locks hanging over the swarthy brow, and a mouth such as ought to belong to the brute creature, rather than to the countenance of man!

In an instant a full and complete sense of all the danger of my situation flashed upon me, as if a sheet of lightning might have illumined the solitary scene around us. I had been watched at the bank—my errand thither had probably become known, and I had been waylaid, with the intention of robbery, perhaps something even worse. My blood ran cold as I recognized all the untoward circumstances that seemed to surround me. I was prepared with no one weapon of defence, save the light whip-handle in my hand, and even had I been armed, the size and strength of my muscular companion far exceeded my own, and the consequences of a hand-to-hand struggle would scarcely be in my favor! One thing I fully realized—that it would be the worst and most disastrous policy to evince any consciousness that I had penetrated the flimsy disguise adopted by the ruffian, and I drove on in silence, although the cold dew stood like beads on my forehead.

Was I a coward? The reader may smile as he glances over this faithful record of my feelings and sensations; but it is far different to read these things by a snug fireside, with Policeman No. 625 patrolling in front of your door, and to act them—to live them out, as it were—in the desolate loneliness of a forest road, with no human aid near, and Death riding almost at your right hand. I have been placed in situations of more than average danger in my day, nor have I shrunk from them; but never did I feel such an overwhelming, helpless sense of terror as brooded over my whole being at that instant. I am not a coward, but the blood stood still in my veins like some current that is slowly turning to ice!

"What's that?" I ejaculated, sharply, as something fell with a smart metallic ring on the oil-clothed carriage floor. My companion stooped with confused haste.

"Only my snuff-box, sir!"

"But it was no snuff-box; it was something that gleamed long and sharp and ghastly like a knife in the uncertain twilight, the one instant that I caught sight of it! It was but for an instant—the next it was deftly concealed beneath the folds of the worn brown cloak.

Well, there could no longer be the slightest doubt as to the meaning and end of all this thing—I might as well prepare my mind for the worst. But with a dogged resolution that sometimes comes at the moment of extremist peril, I determined that this ruffian should reap no actual advantage from my unprotected situation.

With a slow, gradual series of apparently unconnected movements, I advanced my left hand towards my inner pocket, and drew out Mrs. Torrey's black pocket-book, letting the hand fall carelessly on my knee in the dusk. Then after a minute or two of apparent carelessness, I hung my hand over the side of the wagon, and dropped the pocket-book just beyond a huge old gnarled stump whose locality was well known to me. It was trusting a good deal to chance, but what else had I to trust?

Next came my own—a less important packet, but scarcely less prized. I was not rich, nor did I choose to lose the little that was my own, hard earned and carefully saved. At a curve in the road, a blasted tree lifted its white skeleton-like arms high in air—at the foot of this spectre tree I left my little treasure.

Then, relieved in mind, and with a certain defiance and recklessness of danger that seemed all at once to rise up within me, I turned boldly to my silent companion.

"Look here, sir," I said, resolutely, "I have had quite enough of your society—suppose we part company!"

The man threw back his coarse cloak with a low laugh.

"Yes, I see—you think you've made a discovery! No—I don't choose to part company just yet—not until I've made something out of you!"

"There is nothing to make," I said, coolly. "I have just seventy-five cents in my pocket, and a silver watch—if you think it worth while to incur the risk of felony for so small a gain as that, why I cannot prevent you."

"You lie," growled the man, seizing my throat with an iron grasp; "you have that bank money about you."

"I have not."

"Where is it, then?"

"Where you will not find it in a hurry!"

The next thing of which I was fairly conscious was being thrown from the wagon on the road side by a strong hand, and being roughly searched while I lay partially stunned on the dewey bank.

"Where is that money?" hissed my captor close in my ear.

"I will not tell you!"

We were just within the balsam-scented wall of pines and undergrowth that clothed the upward-sloping bank on the right side of the road. I felt his fingers tightening on my throat, but I awaited my impending fate with a calmness close akin to desperation.

Just then the rattle of wheels, the regular beat of horse's hoofs on the smooth road, struck on my ear. I strove to cry out, but the cruel hand grasped my throat with steadily compressing hold. So close were we to human aid and human sympathy that I could hear the wheels stop,—I could hear the well-known voice of Ethan Day, one of my neighbors, crying out to his companion:

"Why, if 'tain't a team! It's Mr. Allston's Baron. And, sakes alive, where's Mr. Allston himself?"

"Somethin's happened likely," said his philosophic companion, a huge farm-hand, half Dutch, half Welsh, framed like a giant, and strong as Hercules.

I could hear them alight from their own conveyance, and walk round my little wagon, speaking soothingly to Baron, and wondering in half-uttered scraps of conjectures where was the missing driver; yet I had no power to call for the assistance that was so nigh. I strove to shout, but my voice died away in suffocating agony.

"Let's walk a piece up the road, and look about us, Fritz," said Ethan, "I don't believe but what there's somethin' wrong."

Could I lie there and know that the least straw of hope and help was drifting away from my reach? With the strength that is a frequent characteristic of mortal peril or mortal agony I threw up my arms, and caught my enemy firmly round the shoulders, rolling heavily down the steep bank with him. The suddenness of the attack deprived him of all power to use the knife which, most of all, I dreaded, and the impetus we gained from the downward descent aided me in my struggle. He relaxed his hold on my throat to strike away my hands, but I clung with unflinching tenacity.

"Help, help!" I shrieked, in hasty accents.

Thank Heaven, they were heard. Ethan turned abruptly, and sprang towards me with a cry of surprise and horror.

"Fritz, Fritz! Here he is now!"

There was one instant of desperate struggle—of hand to hand encounters—one wild instant of blending confusion, when a sea of blood seemed to swim before my eyes and thunderous surges to sound in my ears, and then I lost all consciousness.

When I returned to myself, I was on the sofa in my own room, with my wife bending over me, and honest Ethan Day stirring up what he called "a hot drop" in a tiny punch-kettle. From him I learned that the robber, one of a desperate gang which had lately been broken up, was safe in the village "lock-up" under the Cerberus-ship of huge Fritz, to say nothing of locks, bolts, and chains innumerable.

"And Baron?"

"He's safe in his stable, poor fellow," said Ethan. But, Squire, where's the money you had about you? We didn't find none on that—that consarned scamp when we sarched him, me and Fritz."

"The money," I repeated, vaguely. And then I remembered how it all had been, and told Ethan of my device.

Ten minutes afterwards he set forth with a lantern in his hand for the gnarled stump and the spectre-tree that had been blasted by lightning. And in less than an hour the money was safe once more in my guardianship.

"It was a pretty 'cute idee of your'n, Squire," said Ethan; "but it mighn't ha' worked so well if I hadn't chanced to come along."

Ethan was right; but I had trusted to chance, and chance had befriended me. From that night, however, a single silver lock has always gleamed among my jet-black hair, a sort of outward sign and token of the mortal danger and horror through which my whole being passed upon that October night.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

The Bates family arrived at Newport, and took possession of the handsome suite of apartments which had been secured for them. They were in a less quiet portion of the house than the rooms of Mrs. Hawks, but Nina soon found her way to them with ease, and became almost as much at home in them as in her own chamber.

Her trunks came with Kitty's, and a bribe to the keeper of a linen closet, which opened from Nina's room on one side, and into one of the principal corridors on the other, afforded her egress from her apartment without the knowledge of Mrs. Hawks, or her waiting woman.

Then commenced the life for which she had so eagerly pined, and she proved that her exuberant vitality was equal to the double strain she imposed upon it. From eleven in the morning till ten at night, Nina devoted herself to her patroness, with such increasing effect, that Mrs. Hawks became almost dotingly fond of her. Dismissed for the night, she sped at once to Kitty's apartment, and with the assistance of her friend's maid, completed a rapid and brilliant toilette. By eleven she was ready to join the throng of gay revellers in the ball room, and chaperoned by the passive Mrs. Bates, she and Kitty made their appearance, usually escorted by some gentleman of their New York set.

Among her other accomplishments, Nina had been taught to dance with rare grace and skill, and her fine appearance, quick repartee, and daring disregard of conventionalities, soon rendered her a marked person among such pretty nonentities as *she* called them, who were "content to dwell in decencies forever."

She was not guilty of anything that was glaringly improper, but she did as she pleased, and her wild and wilful spirits often led her beyond the bounds of prudence.

As Miss Gordon's antecedents were entirely unknown, and she appeared among a set of new aspirants to fashionable notoriety, it was assumed that she was rich, and Kitty did everything in her power to further the delusion, without actually telling falsehoods on the subject.

Why the brilliant belle was never visible except at night, was accounted for by her devotion to an afflicted friend, who required all her attention during the day; and touching stories were related of her fondness for her adopted mother, for Nina chose now to consider herself as the daughter of the poor dupe she was so skilfully bending to her own purposes.

These went far toward excusing the levity of her conduct in public, for it was said that so impulsive and warm hearted a creature could scarcely be expected to bring her actions down to the common test of prudence required from other girls of her age. Such a *rara avis* was not to be judged by common rules, so Miss Gordon was voted charming, piquant, irresistible, even by many of her own sex.

In no other country in the world could such a *role* have been played, as that which was now successfully sustained by Nina Gordon, for in no other would such freedom be allowed to a young unmarried woman.

She became the belle of the season, and when she made her appearance in the ball room, other shrines were deserted for this new divinity who queened it right royally over her vassals. Kitty was charmed with the success she had predicted, and Mrs. Bates looked on in displeased amazement. She was at a loss to understand how this obscure and penniless girl had achieved such a triumph, while her own daughter, who was known to be an heiress, was a mere foil beside her.

Mrs. Bates was annoyed at seeing Kitty so constantly eclipsed, and she hinted to that young lady the expediency of dropping Miss Gordon as an inconvenient appendage to their party, as Kitty had no chance to win admiration while this fantastic and enchanting creature was always with her to cast her in the shade.

To this Kitty vehemently replied:

"I hope that I do not rightly understand you, mamma. I would not give Nina up for all the beaux at Newport. I don't wish to be admired. Young men talk more to me now, and ask me to dance oftener than I care about. I'll tell you one thing, ma, and that is, that if it wasn't for Nina we should never have made our way into as good a set as we have got into here. Money can't do everything, even in a democratic country like ours, and my friend's grace and elegance have done more for us here, than all my father's wealth could accomplish. That aristocratic Mrs. Legrand, who thinks herself the *crème de la crème*, takes a deep interest in Nina, and she has actually invited her to visit her next winter. You would not consent to ask her again to our house, and she now has a more fashionable one open to her, if she chooses to accept the invitation given her."

"Yes—Mrs. Legrand likes to have fascinating young girls about her to attract gentlemen to her house. She is fond of gay society, and cannot hope to bring it around her by her own charms, so she secures the assistance of younger and fairer women. That is the secret of her interest in Miss Gordon."

"It doesn't matter to us what the source of it is; it is sufficient that an autocrat of fashion has placed the stamp of her approbation upon Nina. Do not offer to snub the dear girl, ma, because I am sure that you will see her a leader in New York society before another year is gone."

Mrs. Bates stared, and in a vexed tone said:

"What nonsense you talk, Kitty. If the girl has made a sensation at a watering place like this, it does not follow that rich boobies are so plenty as to be picked up by a penniless girl who knows nothing of her own origin. When it comes to marriage, the truth must be told, and then the lover would find good cause to back out. Of course when he finds out that she has neither family, nor fortune, he'll not do it."

"I think there are few men who would attempt such a course with Nina Gordon. She is too lovely and attractive in herself to be deserted because she knows nothing of her family. As to the fortune, I fancy it will not be wanting, for Mrs. Hawks has taken such a fancy to her that she has declared her intention to adopt her, and make a handsome provision for her. She is very rich, and of course the old lady will give Nina at least a hundred thousand dollars."

"Good gracious! can this be true? It is evident that Miss Gordon knows how to play her own game, and I shouldn't wonder if we were all used by her merely as counters. I am afraid that she is a dangerous person, but you are so infatuated with her that it is useless for me to speak of getting rid of her, I suppose."

"Indeed, mamma, you wound me deeply when you speak in such terms of my dearest and best friend. You are unjust to Nina because she is prettier, and more admired than I am, but I enjoy her success; I had rather see her triumph than do so myself. I never wished to be a belle, nor has nature bestowed on me the requisites for that butterfly state of existence. 'Warranted to wear,' is stamped on me, so you must make the best of me as I am."

With a sudden access of affection, Mrs. Bates said:

"I wouldn't give you just as you are for fifty such girls as Nina Gordon. When the butterfly wings are folded away, all that is charming in her will be gone; but you are and always will be my own good and true child. I won't vex you any more about your friend, though I can't approve of many things she does. She doesn't seem to mind my opinion any more than if I was a mere nonentity, although I occupy the responsible position of her chaperon."

"Oh, never do you mind that, you dear, sensible, good mamma. Nina is not like other girls and must not be judged by common rules, but I am certain that she has the deepest respect for you. Tell me now, please, when papa expects to return to Newport."

"Not until the season is nearly over. He was tired to death by the few days I persuaded him to remain when we first came over, and I do not think he will try it again till he is forced to come after us. Are you anxious for him to return?"

"Oh, no, by no means. I only asked because Adolphus has written to me to say that he will be at the hop to-night, and I thought a meeting here between him and pa might be rather awkward after he was ordered to Nahant, to keep him out of the way of Nina's fascinations."

"My son coming here in spite of his father's prohibition!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates, in a tragic tone. "Kitty, you know that such a course will only bring Dolly into disgrace with Mr. Bates. You must have known before of his intention, and I have the pain of discovering that you have both been conspiring to deceive your parents."

Mrs. Bates shed a few tears, and Kitty's conscience loudly accused her; but she thought the end justified the means, and she hastened to soothe her mother's emotions as far as lay in her power. She ended by saying:

"If my brother should fall in love with Nina, papa will not object to her for a daughter-in-law when he knows that she is sure of a handsome portion from Mrs. Hawks. *He* can't be very particular on the score of family, and she looks as if she were a Princess Royal."

"All that may be true enough, Kitty, but if she comes among us she'll expect to rule us. I know she will do it too, for she'll twist your pa and Dolly around her fingers till I shall find myself a nobody in my own house. I wish I had never consented to bring her out here or to allow her to enter my home."

"Dear mamma," said Kitty, persuasively, "what bugaboo are you conjuring up to frighten yourself with? You know very well that, if Dolly marries, he will have a home of his own; his wife will not interfere with you in any way; and if he should be so fortunate as to win Nina, I am sure she will be the most dutiful of daughters to you."

Mrs. Bates sighed, and, wiping her eyes, replied:

"You are so infatuated with Miss Gordon that you can see nothing wrong in her. Now, what do you think of her conduct in our private parlor, the other night, when she mimicked the poor old epileptic creature she wheedles every day into believing that she is very fond of her? After witnessing that, I am not sure she has not tried her hand on some of us."

"No, no; *we* are sacred to her, because we are her chosen friends. You see that makes all the difference in the world. And then Nina only did it to make pa laugh when he was yawning so dreadfully, and saying that he couldn't find anything to amuse him."

"So your friend entertained him at the expense of the woman whose bread she eats, and who is expected to leave her a good fortune when she dies. It is not right, Kitty; and, if Miss Gordon is your second self, I must say so."

"Well, it was very droll, at any rate," said Kitty, laughing at the recollection of the scene, “and Mrs. Hawks will not be the worse for what she will never know. It cannot hurt her in any way to have her peculiarities mimicked, but how Nina contrives to give her eyes the strange glare of the old lady's I can't comprehend. She would make an unrivalled actress.”

“Yes, and I wish with all my heart that she had elected to go on the stage in place of coming among quiet people to upset all their plans. Your pa and I had settled that Adolphus should marry Ada Pierre.”

“What, that vulgar, coarse-looking girl whose father made a fortune out of medicated lozenges, and even plaster? Oh, mamma, haven't we money enough of our own without Dolly making such a match as that? He wouldn't look at Ada Pierre if she was dressed in bank-notes.”

“I don't suppose he would if she wore anything as dingy as the most of them are; but, if they were turned into point-lace and diamonds, perhaps he would not be so fastidious. We are not as rich as the world believes, Kitty, and from some things that fell from your pa when he was here, I am afraid he's expecting a crisis or something of that sort that will strain his credit to the utmost. That was one reason why he was so anxious to get back to New York. But you are not to breathe a word of this for the world!”

Kitty looked aghast, and she huskily replied:

“Of course I shall say nothing about it, but I wish you had not told me just now.”

“I thought it best to tell you; and, now that we are talking in confidence, I may as well say to you that, if you can like Tom Lorimer well enough to accept him, you had better do so out of hand before anything can happen. His money might help your father out of his difficulties.”

Kitty became pale, and then red. After an agitated pause, she said:

“I hope that you are mistaken, ma, about papa's need of such assistance. But, even if you are not, I cannot say Yes to Mr. Lorimer, for I have already refused him.”

“Refused him! and for what reason, pray?”

“I can give you two very good ones; one is that I do not love him, and the other is that I like somebody else infinitely better.”

“I know who you mean very well, Kitty; but you will never be permitted to throw yourself away on Albert Tompkins, and if you had any spirit you would not wish it yourself. A poor clerk, with nothing but his salary! a magnificent match would that be for you, indeed. And you have actually refused Mr. Lorimer without even saying a word to your father or me about it, when you knew, too, that our hearts are set on the match. Upon my word, the young girls of this generation are too much for me. You—*you* that I thought an affectionate and dutiful daughter—have gone and ruined your own prospects by refusing the best offer you will ever have! It is more than I can bear.”

And Mrs. Bates relapsed into tears.

Kitty was much excited, but she controlled her agitation and deprecatingly said:

“Dear mamma, don't blame me too severely; but what could I do but refuse him? Mr. Lorimer is such a goose that he is always doing some absurd thing to make himself talked of. He never has anything more striking to say than some comment on the weather, or the last quadrille; and although I am not very bright myself, I can see his deficiencies. I don't think poor Tom has an idea above a good-fitting suit of clothes, or a stylish necktie. Oh! no, ma, I am too sensible to his defects to accept him as a husband. I am in no hurry to get married, and I hope that pa will not really need such assistance as you hinted at just now from anybody. I could not marry Mr. Lorimer under false pretenses any way, and if he had suspected pa's difficulties I hardly think he would have asked me!”

“But he did ask you, and you should have consulted with me before refusing him. As to false pretenses, isn't your friend a bundle of them? Isn't she letting people suppose that she is related to Mrs. Hawks, and the heiress to all her fortune? Why you should insist that I shall not speak the truth about her, when you are so particular about yourself, I cannot understand.”

“Nina and I are so differently situated, mamma, that the same reasoning will not apply to both of us. Besides, she can bring to her husband gifts of person and mind that I can lay no claim to. She can induce him to forget any deceit through which he was won, but I could never do that. I am but a homespun piece of furniture, and all the fine varnish you tried to put on me has only brought out the true grain more conspicuously. I know that I am neither handsome nor clever; but I am above envying Nina because she is both. I love her with all my heart, if she does reign a queen where I am nothing but a rich man's daughter.”

“I am afraid that you'll not be the last much longer, unless you or Dolly come to the rescue. *His* means are tied up with his father's, and unless he marries a girl with money, and that pretty soon too, I am really afraid that Bates & Son will never be able to stand the run your papa said would be sure to be made on the house whenever that horrid crisis comes. He told me about it, that I might understand the necessity of urging you to accept Mr. Lorimer.”

“Mamma,” said Kitty, with emphasis, “if I was in danger of starving, I hardly think that I could save myself from it by becoming the wife of poor Tom. But we are in no such exigency yet. Papa will weather the storm, as he has others before it, I dare say; Dolly shall win Nina, and the fortune Mrs. Hawks will give her as her dower will build up the credit of the firm again. I hardly think she will refuse *my* brother; but if she should, there is still Ada Pierre as a last resort. I remember that she set her cap at Dolly last winter; but he declared that the thought of the lozenges gave him bronchitis, and the corn plaster crippled him through his sympathy for those who were simple enough to believe in its efficacy. It will be time enough to think of Miss Pierre when other chances are worthless. But if Dolly chooses to sell himself for money, I declare I won't.”

“Not even to save your pa from ruin?” asked Mrs. Bates, with an attempt at the pathetic. “Oh, Kitty, I believed you so devoted to him that you would do anything to please him.”

“I do love the dear old darling with all my heart, but I can't marry a dunce to save his credit. Besides, if Mr. Lorimer had the faintest suspicion of what you have just told me, he would withdraw himself. I do not think that his devotion would stand such a test as the loss of my supposed fortune.”

“I really believe, Kitty, that you think your only attractions lie in your money. Why should not Mr. Lorimer love you for yourself?”

Kitty laughed a little bitterly.

“Tom likes me well enough in his feeble way, I dare say, but such love as his could never satisfy me, mamma, humble as my pretensions are. Why should I *not* suppose that my reputed fortune is the chief attraction to the most of my adorers, when I see scores of girls at this very place, far more attractive than I am, who are scarcely looked at because they are known to have no expectations. But pray let us end this discussion, ma, for Dolly will be here very soon now, and I must hurry through my evening toilette to have a good talk with him before Nina joins us.”

Kitty arose to leave the room, but Mrs. Bates stopped her and impressively said:

“You must not hint to your brother what I have told you. If it becomes necessary for him to be informed of the state of your father's business affairs, he will tell Adolphus himself.”

Kitty reflected a moment, and then replied:

“Of course I shall have no right to betray to my brother what you have said to me, unless I have your permission to do so. But as his whole fortune is locked up in the business, I do not think it fair to keep him in the dark as to what may possibly happen.”

With an alarmed look, Mrs. Bates exclaimed:

“You always jump to such absurd conclusions, Kitty. Things are by no means so desperate with us as to make us put on sackcloth and ashes, and begin to bewail our misfortunes. Your father is a man of infinite business tact, and he will doubtless find means to stave off the worst till Adolphus can secure a wife with a good fortune. A hundred thousand dollars will, I dare say, make all square again, and you said that Miss Gordon is to get as much as that when Mrs. Hawks dies.”

“Oh, mamma, you misunderstood me. I did not say that she would get as much as that, but spoke of that sum as no more than an adequate provision for an adopted daughter. But even if she gives her that, and Nina and my brother should like each other well enough to marry, it would not be right to take the whole of her fortune to prop up the credit of a tottering house; some portion of it should be secured to herself.”

“Very well. Dolly will find it necessary to take Miss Pierre then. He understands what a commercial crisis is, and I am sure he will consent to do what is necessary to sustain the credit of the firm. The daughter of the lozenge man will have three times as much as you hope Mrs. Hawks will bestow on your friend, and if Dolly values my opinion, he will prefer her to Miss Gordon: She is not so attractive, but she will make him a far better wife.”

Kitty had heard quite enough, and she hastily left the room, believing in her heart that her mother had darkened the clouds that threatened their prosperity, in the forlorn hope that she would be wrought on to think better of her rejection of Mr. Lorimer's proposal, and by such feminine wiles as young ladies know how to use toward men of his stamp, recal him to his allegiance.

But Miss Bates had no such intention; she had spoken her ultimatum, and meant to stand by it, let what might happen to Bates & Son; even if the worst came, her father would surely be able to save enough from the wreck of his fortune to enable his small family to live in comfort, and Kitty felt that she would not grieve much over a catastrophe that lessened the distance between herself and the obnoxious clerk who had won her childish heart and was still first in that of the young girl.

She cast the temporary cloud aside with the facility of youth and hastened to prepare herself to receive her brother. Before her toilette was completed, Nina came in radiant with triumph.

She spoke in French to her friend, that the attendant might not understand her.

“Dear Kitty, as you are the best friend I have in the world, I must tell you what great good fortune has come to me. You know that Mrs. Hawks gets steadily worse, and every spasm she has is more dangerous than the last. Poor old lady, she can't last much longer, and she begins to realize her condition herself. Something she heard yesterday put her in a terrible passion with her niece, and when I tell you what she did under the influence of her anger, you will hardly believe me.”

“Oh, yes I will, if it is what I so ardently wish. She has made her will and given half of her money to you.”

“Half!—oh, no—*that* would not satisfy her spite against Miss Lopez, for there would still be enough left to make her rich. The old lady has actually made her will in my favor, bequeathing me the *whole* of her estate, burdened with an annuity of a thousand a year to her niece. The document is signed, sealed, and in the hands of her lawyer.”

Kitty danced a *pas seul*, kissed her friend enthusiastically, and exclaimed:

“This is glorious news indeed; but it is no more than you deserve. Such a gem as you are should have a rich setting, and Mrs. Hawks is a most sensible woman to furnish it. I must go in, to-morrow, and play the agreeable to her for your dear sake. But in your prosperity, Nina dear, don't forget that ma and I afforded you the opportunity to win this brilliant fortune; though of course your own sweetness and loveability enabled you to rival the niece.”

Nina returned the caresses lavished on her, and presently said:

“Thus far I have carried everything before me, but Mrs. Hawks is capricious and easily offended, and I cannot be too careful to keep her in a good humor with me. If she suspected me of knowing the contents of her will, she would be quite capable of destroying it.”

“She did not tell you herself, then? How came you to know what she has done for you, for the lawyer would not dare to betray such a confidence.”

“I *listened*,” said Nina, without the slightest hesitation. “But then I could not very well avoid it, for like many other deaf persons, Mrs. Hawks does not know how to modulate her voice. When the lawyer came she sent her maid away to the Glades, and told me to remain in my room within call if she should need me. To tell you the truth, Kitty, I did not close the door of communication as perfectly as she might have wished, for I was afraid she might have one of her attacks and I should not be able to get to her in time.

“As it happened, nothing of the kind occurred, and in two hours' time the lawyer had finished drawing up the will, and when Mrs. Perkins came back she and the carriage driver were called in to witness the old lady's signature. Little does the waiting woman suspect that the document she was so anxious to have executed cuts off Inez Lopez with a pittance and endows me with the fortune of her grandfather. Oh, dear! how shall I ever tone my spirits down to a respectable level, when I am buoyed up by such brilliant dreams of the future.”

She sprang up, danced, laughed, and went on like a mad creature, while Betty the maid looked on in bewilderment as she laid out the articles needed for Nina's evening toilette. She did not understand a word that had passed between the two girls, but she saw that something had elated the usually gay spirits of the young lady, and the girl was pleased, for Nina had been kind and liberal toward her.

Kitty laughingly responded:

“Think of the responsibilities so soon to devolve on you, and that will sober you, *ma chere*. Mrs. Hawks should not leave her good work half done; she should be polite enough to make her exit without delay, that you may come into the enjoyment of your fortune. But I have been so much occupied with your good news that I have not told you mine. My brother joins us to-night, and the remembrance of your fair face draws him hither in spite of pa's prohibition. You will be kind to Dolly for my sake, Nina?”

“Undoubtedly, darling; and for his own too, for I shall not readily forget that Mr. Bates admired me in my most lowly estate. Since he is coming, I must make myself as charming as possible, so I will excuse you while Betty does her devoir as deftly by me as she has done it by you. Your dress is really very becoming, and those rubies suit your style admirably. I cannot afford jewels yet awhile, but wait and see what diamonds, what pearls, what laces I will have when I possess twenty thousand a year.”

“You shall have all those things, and true hearts that love you well besides, Nina dear. I won't detain you any longer, and I suppose I am not to tell what you have confided to me.”

“Not for the world! That might ruin me. Mrs. Hawks thinks I am in profound ignorance of her intentions, and perfectly disinterested, so her faith in me must not be disturbed. I really am very fond of her, and very much obliged to her, I am sure.”

Blind to the faults of one she so loved and trusted, Kitty, in spite of her better judgment, and higher ideas of honor, could see nothing very wrong in the means by which Nina had possessed herself of what was designed to be concealed from her.

She went into her mother's private parlor, where she found her brother had been for the last half hour, which interval of time he had improved by talking over Mrs. Bates, and making his peace with her for breaking the commands laid on him by his father.

Miss Pierre was at Nahant, and when Kitty came in he was describing in a most ludicrous manner the persecutions he had endured from her. After greeting her, he went on in his fashionable drawl:

“The Pierre is too storming—she talks loud—she laughs too much, and says sharp things. I wouldn't mind all that, if she was only pretty. But she is tall and raw-boned, with a sallow complexion and little black eyes that can snap and sparkle in a rather spirited way. But there is no end to her money, and the lozenges and corn-plaster still sell as widely as ever. Heigh-ho! I wish I could put money out of the question when I marry, but the governor has written me such a rigmarole as has almost frightened me into believing that I must get a pier, to support our house. Ha! ha! what do you think of that now? The old gentleman is getting mercenary, I am afraid?”

“What has your father been saying to you, Dolly?” asked Mrs. Bates, apprehensively. “If he appealed to you in such a way, something must be very wrong about the business.”

“The bother, it is only his way to frighten me into taking a rich wife. He knows that girl has thrown herself and her thousands at my head, and my father wishes to furnish further knock-down arguments to bring me to her feet. But it won't do. I've effected my escape now, and I mean to use my freedom. I say, Kitty, when am I to see that fair friend of yours? I've seen two or three men of our set since I got here to-night, and they all seem to have their heads turned by her. She must be a stunner; but how is it that the fellows all speak of her as an heiress when you and I know that she is as poor as a church-mouse?”

With great deliberation, Kitty replied:

“Miss Gordon is the lady you refer to, I suppose. She has been adopted by the rich old lady mamma placed her with, and I think it almost certain that she will provide for her very handsomely.”

“What! old Hawks! why she must have nearly half a million. Of course, the girl who takes the place of a daughter must get a large slice from it; but then the deuce of it is, the old woman may be a long time taking her ticket-of-leave; and while she's on the carpet the fortune isn't sure. Such an old frump may change her mind a dozen times a week; besides, she has relations to look sharply after her.”

“I don't think they trouble themselves about her much. Her brother-in-law is paralyzed, and cannot leave his own home, and his daughter stays with him nearly all the time. I have never met with her in Mrs. Hawks's room since we came here, but I believe she is sick herself is the reason.”

“Is she young and pretty?”

“Yes, quite young; and Nina says she is remarkably handsome.”

“Is it possible that one girl declares another one handsome! Such a phenomenon as that should be duly chronicled, I declare. Pray make me acquainted with this generous young demoiselle as soon as may be, for she must be a unique specimen of her sex.”

Mrs. Bates here arose, and resignedly said:

“You and Kitty will have everything your own way, but as I do not care to witness a meeting that may lead to disastrous results to my family, I will go to my own room.”

Young Bates looked after her in some surprise, and asked:

“What does that mean? Does she know that I have already seen your fair friend, and fallen half in love with her?”

“No, I have not betrayed you; but mamma has taken a pique toward poor Nina, because she attracts more attention than I do. She will get over it when you present my friend to her as your future wife. Never mind the Pierre, Dolly; follow the dictates of your own heart, and you will get as much money as you will need with the wife of your choice.”

“I only wish you were quite sure of that, for to tell you the truth, Kitty, I've spent a great deal, and ready money is what I must have for my own uses, as well as for the lumbering old concern down yonder, in which I verily believe the soul of my father is bound up. He hinted so many dreary possibilities in his last letter that I came near yielding to the dark glances of those lozenge-shaped eyes, but unluckily her skin is the color of the corn plaster, so I turned away, and spoke no word that could commit me.”

“How can you be so absurd, Dolly? Don't think any more of Ada Pierre? I can't tell you why, but I am almost convinced that Nina will have almost as good a fortune as hers. I may at least tell you that the poor old lady who will leave it to her can't live much longer. She has lately had many violent spasms, and her physician has said that she will never leave here alive. But you are to act as if you knew nothing of this. Nina must believe you entirely disinterested, if you hope for a chance of success with her.”

“*Diable!* I haven't made up my mind to take either of them yet. But we shall see what time will bring forth.”

There was a slight rustling sound near the door; it unclosed, and a bright vision flitted in.

Nina stood before him in a bewitching evening dress made of some light shining material which looked like flakes of gathering foam looped up with fairy-like flowers. Camelias were in her hair and on her breast, but not a jewel gleamed about her. She could not afford the most expensive, and, therefore, repudiated them all. Besides, with her freshness, she knew that flowers were more becoming than any other adornment she could select.

The marble-like whiteness of her perfectly turned arms and shoulders seemed to rival that of her flowing drapery, and the bright, expressive face filled with triumphant light, was a new revelation of beauty to the Broadway exquisite.

Mr. Bates had not hitherto cared much for very fair women, but this one was unique. White, soft, and well rounded as all her proportions were, she had not a particle of the lymphatic temperament in her.

He saw before him a creature of will, pride, fire, and God knows what beside; but enough to bewilder much stronger brains than those possessed by the young New Yorker. Nina had overheard his closing words to his sister, and in her soul she vowed that not with him should rest the choice. His heart should be laid at her feet, and then ——. Well, then she would make up her mind what use she could have for it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Inez arose from her sick bed and again moved about the gloomy old house, ministering to her father's wants with a patient composure which proved how bitter the struggle had been—how great the triumph won over her own weakness.

She would gladly have lain in that darkened chamber till death itself came to her relief, but the thought how lonely and helpless her father would be without her afforded the stimulus she needed, and for his sake she roused herself from the indulgence of selfish sorrow.

Inez resumed the monotonous round of her old life, but she had neither spirit nor strength to visit her aunt. Mrs. Hawks came to the Glades no more, but contented herself with sending her maid to inquire daily into the condition of her niece's health.

The communications which passed between Mr. Lopez and this faithful guardian of his daughter's interests, convinced that gentleman that Nina Gordon was deeply to be dreaded. He felt assured that she was using all her fascinations to obtain power over Mrs. Hawks, which was to be used solely for her own benefit, and he impatiently waited till Inez had regained her strength sufficiently to undertake the enterprise on which he firmly believed so much depended.

No reply had been received from Godfrey Fenton, and the poor girl had given up all hope of hearing from him again. He evidently could not defend himself, and therefore thought silence the best resource. Such was the final decision of Inez, but her father insisted that her last letter had never reached him, or he would at once have flown on the wings of love to her side, to prove to her how sincere was his devotion, how false the accusations against him.

She listened to his arguments quietly, but they failed to convince her, though Mr. Lopez flattered himself that he was keeping alive the flame of hope in her sad heart.

One evening about ten days after her convalescence, they sat together in the gathering twilight, and after a brief silence Mr. Lopez suddenly asked:

“Are you strong enough to undertake that journey to Oakland now, Inez? I have thought of it every day and every hour since you have been ill. I have dreamed the same thing more vividly even than before, and your mother asked—‘Why does not Inez go before it is too late?’”

“Dear papa, do you really place so much faith in a dream as to wish me to go to Oakland on such a quest as that? I cherished the hope that you had given up the idea as too baseless to be acted on.”

In an irritated tone her father replied:

“I can't imagine why you should think that I would give it up. Dreams in all ages have been sent as warnings, and were not disregarded. Was not one sent to the wise men of the East on the grandest occasion in the history of the world? Scattered through sacred and profane chronicles we find them, and how or why they come to men, has baffled tke wisest philosophers. I don't pretend to account for what more learned men have failed to do, but I place implicit faith in the vision that has been so vividly impressed upon my own mind. If nothing is meant by it, I scarcely think it would so often have been repeated. You must go, child, for I am sure that your whole future is at stake. I have reason to believe that your aunt will be silly enough to give her whole fortune to the unprincipled young flatterer she has picked up and brought with her to Newport. From what Jane Perkins tells me, the girl is having everything her own way.”

“But, papa, did not Jane also tell you that there is an understanding between herself and Miss Gordon that she is to use her influence to have a will executed in my favor? I told Mrs. Perkins that such a compact was ill-advised and might injure in place of serving me, but she would not listen to me. If my aunt dies intestate, I shall inherit enough for every rational purpose, even if a portion of the estate should be claimed by her husband's family. I entreated Jane to leave my aunt to act as she pleased about the will, for she has always shewn so marked an aversion to making one, that I feared any hint on the subject would offend her. My reasoning failed to convince her, so I suffered things to take their own course. It does not matter much now; I shall have enough left me to live on, and that is all I shall require.”

“I don't know which is the greatest fool, you or Mrs. Perkins,” exclaimed Lopez, in a rage. “Between you, you are enough to drive a man mad. *She* goes and trusts that young serpent with power that is to work your ruin; and *you* talk in this lachrymose manner about enough to live on from your own family inheritance, when it is in danger of going to a stranger. That girl shall not have it, in spite of all her arts; and poor-spirited as you are, you shall yet snatch it from her, whether you wish it or not. You are strong enough to travel, and you shall set out for Oakland to-morrow morning, and bring me back the books of which I shall give you a list. I really want the works I intend to send for, though I should have done without them, but for the ulterior object I have in view. I have sufficiently explained to you what you have to do, so I shall not repeat my instructions. I hope you fully understand me, Inez?”

“Yes, papa,” was the faint response. “I will make an effort to do all that you require of me, but I am still very weak.”

“Weak, are you? Well, well, change of air and exercise are the best remedies for that; you will feel like a different person when you come back, especially if you bring new life to me in the shape of the document which is to secure to you the bulk of your grandfather's fortune.”

Inez sighed softly, and then said:

“I hope so, papa. But explain to me how I am to go alone on this journey. It seems a formidable undertaking to an inexperienced traveller like myself.”

“Oh! you will find no difficulty in your way. Dick can drive you over to a quiet landing on the bay, which is not far from this place. The steamer that plies along the Narragansett shore always stops there and you will be landed before night upon the place you wish to visit. The house stands not more than two hundred yards from the shore, so you cannot miss your way. Young ladies often travel alone in this country, and I am sure you will meet with nothing to annoy you.”

“I dare say not, sir, and as you wish it so earnestly, I will undertake this little journey. Let us make out the list of books you wish brought back, and if I fail in everything else, you will at least have them to lighten the tedium of your hours.”

“You will do much more than that, Inez. You will find and secure the proof that the house, and all it contains, is yours at your aunt's decease. Oakland is a more cheerful place than this, and if my hopes are realized, we can remove there to live. I have been laying all sorts of plans for days past, for crippled as I am, I can only plan. Oh! if I had but the use of my limbs for forty-eight hours, how much I could accomplish in that brief space of time.”

Inez kissed him, and nestled more closely to his side. She softly asked:

“Will you have your evening game now, papa? Since this journey is settled for to-morrow, we need talk of it no more.”

“Why not, Inez? Don't you feel excited at the chances before you? To lose or win in such a game as this is no trifle, I can tell you. And as surely as there is a God in Heaven, you will come out loser if your grandfather's will is not found. Mrs. Hawks dislikes me to that degree, that she will impoverish you to deprive me of the triumph of seeing you take possession of the Horton estate after her own death. If I were to die first, it might be different; but now I feel sure that I shall outlive her. She has changed dreadfully since she was in Newport last year, and when she took that fit here, I saw signs which convinced me that she could not stand many more attacks like that. It would not surprise me to hear of her death any day.”

“Dear papa, pray don't talk of it. If my aunt could hear you, she might fancy that you are looking for her decease, and almost wishing it to take place.”

“Well, my dear, I shall not be deceitful enough to cry when it does occur, for Eunice will be better off, and so will you, I hope. You may light the lamp now, and, after one game, you had better retire, to be fresh for your journey to-morrow. Let Dick know that he must have the carriage ready at six. It is lucky that your aunt does not require its use early in the morning or late in the afternoon. After she takes her drive, Dick will have ample time to get to the landing on the day of your return.”

Inez literally obeyed his commands. After the chess-men were put away, she went out and gave minute instructions to Nora as to what was necessary to her father's comfort during his brief absence, and evaded the curiosity of that damsel as to the cause of this sudden departure as well as she could.

Inez expected to be absent but thirty-six hours, but she shrank from the thought of her father's loneliness during even that brief space of time, and sedulously provided for him such meagre sources of occupation and amusement as lay in his power. Mr. Lopez was touched by her solicitude, and he at length stopped her flitting to and fro by saying:

“Kiss me good-bye, my darling, and get to your rest. I shall do well enough while you are away. I will enter the enchanted palace of visions, the ‘open sesame’ to which is one of my magical little pills. I shall walk hand in hand with your mother while you go on the mission she has so earnestly commanded. Don't look so sorrowful, Inez; I must and will have my own way,—so there's an end of it.”

Inez did not offer to remonstrate; she knew how useless it would be; so she kissed him tenderly, and went into her own room to prepare for the journey before her.

A few necessary articles were packed in a travelling satchel, and she then retired to her couch to think over what might lie before her. Success in this enterprise would bring happiness to her poor father's heart; but a disappointment might bring something she dreaded to think of.

Dr. Minturn had told her that the heart of Mr. Lopez was seriously affected, and any sudden shock might cause his death. Poor Inez had little faith in the vision which sent her forth on this errand, and she had the deepest fear of its disastrous result to him should it prove a failure.

It was very late before she slept, and then her dreams took their coloring from her waking thoughts. Although her body rested, her mind drifted through a series of strange and exciting scenes in which her father always played a prominent part.

Inez awoke at an early hour, feeling weary and unrefreshed, but she made an effort to get up and prepare to set out. Nora had hot coffee for her, and something nice besides; and she forced herself to swallow a few morsels to satisfy the solicitude of the girl.

Dick had the carriage ready at the appointed hour, and Inez left her home in pursuit of what she considered a phantom; but only by doing so could her father be satisfied. So she went at his bidding, irrational as the errand seemed to her.

Mr. Lopez had given her the list of books, and Inez felt some feeble satisfaction in thinking that her journey would not be entirely useless. Her father had long desired to possess several of the works named, and that wish could at least be gratified.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT..]

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The Passions.

As light was the eldest-born principle of the universe, so love was the eldest-born passion of humanity, though people quote Milton to prove that vanity was so—in our own sex at least; and many are the witty sayings on this favorite text; but they are wrong, and their text misinterpreted. Eve, when she looked in passionate delight on her own lovely face reflected in the stream, knew not it was her own and had nothing else to love; the moment she found an Adam to lavish the awakened sympathies, she turned from the shadow to the reality, even though “less winning soft, less amiably fair:” she did not sit upon the bank and pine to death for her own fair face,

> “Like that too beauteous boy,
> That lost himself by loving of himself;”

while the voice of love wooed her in vain. Vanity in this instance was but the shadow of love. But, oh me! How many women, since the days of Echo and Narcissus, have pined themselves into air for the love of men who were in love only with themselves!

◆

Childhood.

Let man enjoy what he will in after-life, if his childhood have been blessed with the care and kindness of a judicious mother, there will come moments when the cup of pleasure will be dashed from his lips as tasteless, in comparison with those hours of sweet and social intercourse, when he first learned to look for a pervading spirit in the realms of nature—to welcome all the animated and joyous creatures of earth as members of his own wide brotherhood, and to hail the beams of morning as pledges of the inexhaustible beneficence which created both life and light, and ordained them as blessings to mankind.

◆

A GREAT man is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immoveable in what he has maturely resolved upon. And as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill-used, and the world is frowning upon him. In short he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample on a worm, or cringe to an emperor.

◆

METHOD OF SPEAKING.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent, of sound limbs and health before the infirm, of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling: in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.

◆

COURTSHIP.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger-e[illegible]

DIME NOVEL HUNTER ROBINSON ROBERT ROBINSON · IMAGINATIONRADIO.COM

YESTERDAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

I was blind till yesterday
When Alonzo came to me;
Noblest, truest, best of men,
I can only see since then.

Blind, and doubly blind with tears
I have lived a thousand years
Since the time he came to me,
Yet 'twas only yesterday.

Tell me, ye of longer sight,
Was the world as fair and bright,
Ere this love of mine, so kind,
Kissed me till I was not blind.

Did the twilight use to close
Like the shutting of a rose?
And the daybreak shine with dew
As if earth were made anew?

Did the moon's white grace invite
Companies of stars at night?
And the noontide lie abroad
Like the great broad smile of God.

Life was like a volume shut,
All the beauteous leaves uncut,
Till Alonzo came to me—
Came and kissed me, and I see.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. X.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A SCRAP OF EAST-INDIAN HISTORY.—A DUEL.

Capt. Matthews declared to me that the happiest moment he had ever experienced was when he saw me brought on board the ship alive from my perilous bath; and I know that a deep and painful gloom would have rested upon the crew if I had been lost. There had been much danger in venturing out on that night in a boat, but there had been no backwardness on the part of the men. The captain had had the whole crew to select from when he manned the boat, for every one expressed a willingness and a desire to go. I was asked if I realized how near I came to being lost, but I told them I doubted if they realized it as I did. They could not realize how weak I was when I caught the buoy; and surely I knew as well as they how many chances there were of the boat's having missed me, to that one chance of finding me. I did not know, however, until I had been told, how near the boat had come to being swamped; nor did I know, of my own experience, how soon after the boat had been run up to her davits the hurricane struck us.

But I knew that I had met with a startling adventure; that I had come very near being food for the sharks; and I had gained a bit of experience which could not but be of benefit to me in the coming time. I did not think I should ever again get within sweep of a jibing-boom while there was a whiffing-wind in a heavy seaway. I was confined below a few days, from having received a heavy blow upon the head, which I must have got while being taken on board the boat, but it was nothing of importance. In less than a week I was on duty again, as strong and well as ever.

The remainder of the voyage was made without any event worthy of particular note, and on the fifth day of November, just five months from Salem, we entered the river Hooghly, upon the east bank of which, and about a hundred miles from its mouth, Calcutta is situated. The river is nearly or quite ten miles wide at its mouth, and is navigable for ships as large as ours as far as Calcutta, but we did not run up to the city. In those days there were no such things as steam-tugs, and as the current was quite strong and the wind unfavorable, we went up as far as Diamond Point, fifty miles, where we came to anchor, and from that place our cargo was taken to Calcutta in lighters, and our Indian stores brought down to us by the same means of conveyance.

From time immemorial India has been a source of wealth to those who have been able to reach her borders; while to the visionary revelling in golden dreams she has been the elysium of his longings, where the purling streams ran yellow over their auriferous beds, and where the light of the sun, and moon, and stars was flashed back from countless gems that sprinkled the country over. That this was the Ophir of Solomon, whence his fleet brought to him gold of the finest quality and the rarest of precious stones, there can be no doubt. At all events, the writers of the Septuagint held that idea; and Josephus, with other eminent Jewish writers, maintains the same thing. Hiram of Tyre, who was one of Solomon's most assiduous friends and naval constructors, and who did so much towards the building of the Temple, must have known of this region; and it is more than probable that the enormous freight of gold which he brought to his royal master from Ophir was obtained in the region beyond the Indies.

Over that vast field of mineral and agricultural wealth, where the Grand Moguls have dwelt in golden state—that fabled region which attracted the conquering arms of Alexander the Great, and to whose diamond-studded strands monarchs of all times have turned their longing eyes—over it all, with its varied types of humanity, a small island in a distant ocean now sways the sceptre. But it has cost England something to hold the prize—something of blood, of treasure, and of honor.

As I have mentioned before, it was not until near the close of the last century that the first vessel from the United States sailed to India. She was sent by Elias Haskett Derby, of Salem, Mass., in 1785.

We had the good fortune to find plenty of lighters ready to take our cargo up to Calcutta, and as soon as we had put our ship in trim, and our supercargo had made the necessary preparations, we commenced unloading. I was particularly interested in observing the build and movements of the native Hindoos, they were so entirely different in their manner and appearance from the heavy, sluggish negroes I had seen at Cape Town. They were very dark, the color of their skin being a dingy brown; in form they were slim and straight, having very small legs and arms; and all that I saw were clad in white,—or, at any rate, in a cloth which had once been white. They were not quick in their movements, but they were nimble and easy, and, when properly looked after, capable of turning off considerable work.

Very early one morning, before the lightermen had come along-side, a bumboat came off, the owner of which informed us that there was to be a duel fought on shore in the course of an hour or so. Mr. Sanborn asked him if he knew any of the particulars. He replied that the difficulty had occurred between the captains of a Spanish and of a Portuguese ship, and that they had agreed to settle it with pistols. He said there could be no mistake, because he had it from a Mohammedan servant attached to the Spaniard.

There were on the deck of our ship at the time only Sanborn, Long, and myself, and we agreed that we would say nothing of the matter to any one save the captain. If the crew knew of it they would be crazy to get on shore and see the fight, and the presence of so many upon the field might not be pleasant to the combatants. So we agreed to keep it to ourselves, and, if convenient, and the captain was willing, to slip on shore and witness it. Shortly afterwards Captain Matthews came up, and Mr. Sanborn told him what we had heard.

I was very anxious, and I watched our commander's face very narrowly to see how he took it. If you call it a weakness on my part—the wish to see the duel,—then I submit to the imputation. I had heard a great deal about duels, and I had read a great deal about them; and I was as eager to witness the meeting between the two captains as ever I was to witness any event of exciting moment. I was young then, and just entering upon a life of adventure, and I wished to see how two men could calmly and deliberately, and yet murderously, face each other.

By and by the captain beckoned me to him, and as I stood by his side at the taffrail, he asked me if I wished to go on shore and see the duel. I told him that I did, and that if he would let me go I would do anything he wished to make up for the time I might lose. He laughed at my idea of making up for lost time, and told me that I might go; but he did not wish me to say anything about it to the rest of the crew. He acknowledged that he should like to go himself, but that he could not leave his ship while the lighters were alongside.

It was then only about half an hour after daylight, and without waiting for breakfast we lowered the boat, Sanborn taking the helm, while the boatswain and I took the oars. The bum-boatman had told us very nearly where the meeting was to take place, and we should have found it without difficulty, but just as we had stepped upon the landing he came along, having made quick work with his morning's visits. He had given his wife charge of his boat, and offered to conduct us to the place if we would go with him. We had landed a little to the north of the hamlet, and having passed beyond the dingy squad of mud huts, we struck into a path leading through a thicket of shrubs which looked very much like our Yankee alders, only the stalks were straighter, and the bark of a lighter color. Beyond this we came to a broad basin, mostly of sand, where there appeared, at some former period, to have been a lake. This was the place, as I was able to judge not only from the appropriate nature of the spot, but also from the fact that there were a dozen or more men already assembled there, whom we soon found to be seamen that had heard of the duel, and who had come on shore to witness it. None of them belonged to either of the ships of the belligerents, but they seemed to understand the nature of the difficulty, and were willing to give us all the information they possessed when they found that we were not Englishmen. Part of them were French, and the others were Portuguese. One of the Frenchmen could speak English very well, and he gave us the story, as follows:

The Spanish ship had come in and come to anchor at night,—or just in the edge of the evening, and on the following day her captain discovered that he could get a better moorage, and employ the lighters to better advantage, by changing his position, and he made arrangements for a new berth, intending to make the change the following day. In the morning—the second morning—the Portuguese came in, and as he was about to come-to in the place which the Spaniard had selected, the latter got into his boat and went alongside, and told the Portuguese commander that that was his berth. But the Portuguese did not propose to make any change. His anchor was down, and he should not raise it until he had unloaded, unless he found it for his interest to do so. Upon that the Spaniard intimated that it would be very much for the other's interest to haul his wind out of that as quickly as possible. And so one word led to another until very high words were used. The Spaniard finally applied a very cutting term of reproach to the Portuguese, whereupon the Portuguese, who was on board his own ship, spit in the Spaniard's face. A Yankee skipper would simply have knocked the man overboard who should have dared to apply to him such an epithet as the Spaniard had applied to the other; and had a man spit in his face he would have probably done the same thing; but the "Johnnies" were not of that sort of stuff. Their passions were deeper, and more deadly. The Spaniard went back to his ship, and sent the challenge, and the Portuguese had accepted it.

Our French informant had just finished his account when the two belligerents, accompanied by their seconds, appeared upon the field. The Spaniard came first, a tall, dark-featured man, well-dressed, with a sword upon his hip, and a pistol-case under his arm. The Portuguese followed at some distance behind. He was shorter than his enemy, and though not so carefully dressed, yet his garb was respectable, and he had a gentlemanly appearance. They both looked at the spectators as they came up, and also noticed that others were coming upon the field; but it appeared to give them no concern. They took it as a matter of course, and each seemed desirous of impressing us favorably. When they reached a spot suited to their purpose, they stopped, and the seconds advanced and held a consultation. They talked some time, and seemed to be in trouble. Their conversation was unintelligible to me; but our French friend explained it.

It appeared that pistols had been agreed upon, but the Spaniard was afraid to trust them. They were liable to miss fire. It was not a fair thing. The failure of his pistol to explode, might prove fatal to him, while a like failure on the part of his opponent, would lead him ever after to feel that he had blood upon his hands unjustly. He preferred to use the sword; and as he was the tallest, and had the longest reach, he would give his antagonist the advantage of the longest blade. He had selected two swords with that idea. He had one which he would use, and his second had two, of which his enemy might select which he pleased. The Portuguese second went back to his principal, and it was soon arranged that the swords should be used, upon which the Spanish second brought forward the sword his principal would use, and also the two which he had borne upon the field. The Portuguese selected his weapon—a long, straight, bright blade, with a double edge at the point, and a simple cross at the hilt for a guard; and from the manner in which he tried its temper by setting its point upon the toe of his boot, and from the graceful ease with which he rested the blade upon the palm of his left hand, I judged that he had handled a sword before.

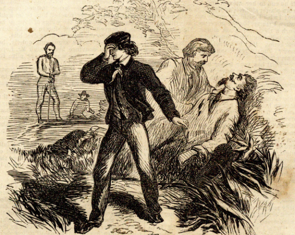
Beyond this there was but little arrangement. The seconds passed a few words, but the principals did not speak. They regarded each other with a deadly hatred, and seemed anxious to be at work.

"*Cara á cara!*" said the Spanish second.

That meant, as the Frenchman told me, "face to face." And when the belligerents had assumed their places, the seconds bowed very politely, and the Spaniard, who seemed to act as master of ceremonies, being probably acquainted with the business, said, with a nod and a move of the hand:

"*Adios, señores.*"

"*Ya voy!*" cried the Spanish captain, bringing his sword into position.



"*Tonteria!*" returned the Portuguese, giving his sword a whirl in the air.

My French friend explained to me that the first speaker had only said, "*I am coming,*" and the Portuguese had replied—"*O, nonsense!*" But I needed no more help from my interpreter, for the language that followed I could understand for myself. The Spaniard was the first to attack, and from the manner in which he went at it I judged that he expected to make a very easy conquest of it; but, if such was his thought, he had made a sad mistake. The Portuguese was a wiry, nimble fellow; as cool and collected as though he had been sailing his ship in a smooth sea; and there was a smile upon his face all the time he was fighting,—not such a smile as I would like to have bestowed upon me, but one of those kind of smiles that should keep company with the tears which they say a crocodile sometimes sheds when forced to make a meal from human flesh.

The Spaniard came to the work with much assurance; affecting to look down upon his antagonist with contempt; and the spectator might be led to think, from the manner in which he bore himself for the first few passes, that he was a professor of the art, and had taken a pupil to teach.

It is curious what simple things will change the current of our sympathies. At first I had given my sympathy to the Spaniard, because he was the man who had been first aggrieved, and he had had his face spit upon. But when I saw him assume the air of a braggart, and appear to gloat over the prospect of driving his sword through the smaller man's body, then I came to reflect that the Portuguese had been right in anchoring his ship where he did; and that, if I had been in his place, and a man had come to me and ordered me to up anchor and move, I should probably have done just as he did. And, furthermore, if a man had applied to me the epithet which the Spaniard had applied to him, I might have done something more than spit in his face.

That smile upon the face of the Portuguese troubled the Spaniard much. He saw it, and he seemed to think he could drive it away; and the more he tried without success the more eager and angry he became. The first wound was made upon the cheek of the smaller man, and the blood flowed from it so freely, that his whole face and breast was soon covered; but the same smile was still there, only now it had become ghastly and terrible. It was a wonder to me how those two men, each bent upon cutting the other, could fence so long and so furiously without more effect. The two blades now lay one upon the other, gliding to and fro; then a plunge and a dash; then they whirled in the air, glittering in the light of the rising sun; then they clashed together with a sharp ring; and anon they lay, one upon the other, as before. I must admit that I was excited; and I could no more have turned away from the scene than I could have turned from the sun at noonday when eager to get its meridian altitude. There was a startling, absorbing fascination in it that held me spell-bound, and I think I hardly drew a natural breath while the conflict lasted.

For the first five minutes—minutes that seemed stretched into hours to me—both the combatants pursued that style of fencing belonging to the small sword, the attack of which is the thrust, and the defence the *carte* and *tierce*; but by and by the Spaniard became desperate, and, seeming to depend upon his superior strength, he disengaged his blade and made a furious downward stroke as he would have done with a broadsword. To me, at the time, there seemed nothing improper in this. In fact, when I saw the Spaniard adopt this heavy play I trembled for the other's life; but presently I caught sight of the Portuguese' face, and I knew in an instant, by the change in the smile, that he was delighted; and ere a watch could have ticked many times I saw why he had exulted. Again, in a fit of desperation, the Spaniard raised his sword for a sweeping stroke, thus leaving his breast for the moment exposed; and, like a flash of lightning, I saw the point of the Portuguese dart forward, touching the opposite bosom in the region of the heart, and when I saw it a shudder seized me that shook my frame from head to foot. I saw the bright blade disappear beneath the Spaniard's white vest—gliding from sight almost to the hilt,—and then the Portuguese leaped back as though to avoid the descending stroke; but there was no need of it. His antagonist's sword-arm sank as if paralyzed, and as he staggered back his second hastened up and caught him in his arms.

I turned away from the scene sick and faint at heart, with my sympathies now all given to the unfortunate man who had fallen. I had seen what men have called the *Combat of Honor;* and as I walked towards our boat I prayed God that I might never be called upon to defend my honor in that fashion. Certainly I did not envy the feelings of that man who had raised the chief mate of the Spanish ship to the post of captain!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. P., (Washington, D. C.,) says: "I have the disgusting habit of *smoking* and have tried many times to swear off, but all attempts have been in vain; and to-day I am an inveterate smoker, a box of good cigars lasting me but a few days. You might give me some advice through the columns of your paper, and I assure you if it is possible I am bound to quit forever the disgusting habit of using tobacco in any form whatever." All in the world you have got to do, in order to overcome your enemy, is to put forth your WILL; and the only way in which we can help you is to give you a knowledge of the forces you will have to encounter. Your enemy brings two strong forces against you. One is mental, and the other is constitutional. Of the force of simple habit you know as well as we can tell you. But, unfortunately, the inveterate smoker has something more than an acquired habit to overcome. Tobacco, either smoked or chewed or snuffed, is a powerful sedative narcotic; and its constant use causes a very great relaxation of the muscular system. So, you can see and understand something of what you have to overcome. The nostrums advertised for curing smokers and chewers are every one of them simple humbugs! Anything that can take the place of tobacco must be as bad as tobacco itself. Don't say you'll *try;* but say you WILL! for remember, the result is entirely within your own control. Say you WILL, and stick to it. For a few weeks you will suffer. An occasional swallow of pure cold water, with a bit of bread, or a few kernels of some healthful nut, to satisfy the cravings of hunger which you will be likely to experience, will be all the extraneous application you will need. This craving of the system for food is the natural result of removing an agent which has been preventing the system from using up proper nutriment. The moment you take away the tobacco, the body will cry out for this nutriment. Furnish it as well as you can, and stick to your pledge. Fight like a man, and in the end you will gain the victory.

Harvey.—The trouble which you school-boys meet with in trying to solve such problems as those which you send us, comes from the fact that you allow the diffuseness of statement and the extraneous matters introduced to divert your minds from the exact point on which the solution turns, just as jurors, under the misleading address of an acute advocate, permit their attention to become absorbed in the consideration of matters which entirely overlay and conceal the real question at issue. The very old problem as to how much the trader lost, who, in selling a customer five dollars' worth of goods, took of him a hundred dollar bill, which he got a neighbor to change, and which being found to be counterfeit, the next morning he had to take back, would be simple enough, if the *neighbor* were not introduced. So, too, with the worm's climbing the twenty-foot pole at the rate of eight feet a day, and falling back four feet at night: it is the *form* of the statement which you allow to confuse you. Were it stated thus: "How long will it take a worm to climb a twenty-foot pole, at the rate of four feet a day, until it comes to within eight feet of the top, when it shall climb the remaining eight feet in one day?" you would have but little difficulty in ciphering the matter out. Such exercises *might* be made useful to boys, and girls also, as a means of teaching them to look through irrelevant and obscuring matters to the real pith and point of a question.

Oil Stock.—This correspondent says he *purchased* one thousand shares of stock in a certain oil company, being assured at the time, by the officers of the company, that that was all the stock they had for sale—that there was not another share left, and adds: "A friend of mine in the meantime dropped in, who wanted one thousand shares, and as I had not paid for mine, I sent him to the office of the company to take the thousand shares that I had purchased, instead of my taking them. He did so; but the company now say that he did not take my thousand shares, but *another* thousand which they found for him; although they told *me* that *I* had taken the last share. The company now want me to pay for my shares: can they force me to do it?" You speak of the thousand shares as *yours*, and say that you had *purchased* them. Were they entered as yours in the stock book of the company? Did *you* sell them to your friend, and execute a transfer of them to him? Did the company issue to him, (and did he accept,) another and a different thousand shares, and keep *your* thousand shares intact ready for delivery to you? What kind of a "*purchase*" did you make, and how or when was it to be consummated? You must consider all these questions in attempting to decide as to your liability in the premises.

R. O.—Your modesty of statement is equal to that of Miss Tilly Slowboy, who never even dared to give her own name with positiveness, but always "simply offered it as a mild suggestion." You say that you "suspect" the young lady loves you, she having told you so, and that you "are inclined to think" that her father is opposed to the match, he having forbidden you the house, and declared that if his daughter insists on marrying you, he will turn her out of doors. Under these circumstances we think your "suspicions" are well founded; and as you say you cannot marry in less than a year, it strikes us that the best thing you can do would be to fight shy of the old gentleman for a while, and try to learn how you can best conciliate him. A quarrel would be calamitous, even if you should get the best of your intended father-in-law in the fight. In such matters, he who conquers by tact and goodness secures a permanent victory, while

"———He who overcomes by force
Conquers only half his foe."

Philolas.—A married man who indulges in the habit of flirting with young ladies in the presence of his wife must be unsound either in mind or morals. Your plea that "the wife is willing he should do so" is of no avail. We doubt if there ever was a wife whose feelings would not be either mortified or hurt by such conduct on the part of her husband, although there doubtless are many women who would not permit any one to become cognizant of such mortification of mind or soreness of heart. In order to hide her own chagrin and cover her husband's despicableness a wife will often smile at what in reality gives her inexpressible pain. This is probably the case with the lady to whom you refer. Her husband's ill-mannered flirtations must in the nature of things occasion her much grief, and he must be either a very foolish or a very bad man to perpetrate them.

Anthractie.—As we have several times stated, there are two methods of enumeration in vogue in the world, one of which is called the English, and the other the French method. In the former, above hundreds of thousands, numbers are divided into periods of six figures each; while in the latter method they are divided into periods of three figures each all through. Therefore, by the English method, the number would be written 22,516687,416,340, and read, twenty-two billions, five hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and eighty-seven millions, four hundred and sixteen thousand, three hundred and forty; while, by the French method, which is the one most used in this country, it would be written, 22,516,687,416,340, and read, twenty-two trillions, five hundred and sixteen billions, six hundred and eighty-seven millions, &c.

Emma.—The last syllable of the word mountain is not pronounced either *ane* or *en*, but *in*. It has not what is called the "obscure vowel sound," which in fact is no vowel sound at all, but simply a peculiar effect arising from the consecutive enunciation of two consonant sounds without any vowel sound between them. If it had the obscure vowel sound, the representation of the exact pronunciation of the last syllable of the word would be best given alphabetically to the eye, as follows: moun-*tn*; whereas, its recognized and authorized pronunciation is, *mount-in*.

V. A. N.—"What should a man do," asks V. A. N., "when he loves a young lady, and she, disregarding his devotion, lavishes her affections on another and an inferior person?" He should find another lady as soon as possible, on whom to lavish his affections, and who would "reciprocate the same."

Saint Louis Lover.—You can very well afford to yield to your father's wishes, and delay your marriage for a year or so, as you are now but twenty-two. A son should always be respectful to his father, and solicitous not to hurt his feelings.

F. G.—Fortress Monroe is situated near Old Point Comfort, Va., on Chesapeake Bay.

Midshipman, (U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.)—"There is one thing," this correspondent says, "of considerable importance to myself and fellow-students of the Academy, which I wish you would explain to us. Our practice-cruise, which will soon begin, will this summer be to Europe and Africa, France, Spain, England, Madeira and the Azores. When we go to France, we will be allowed to visit Paris, and the Exposition, for about a week. Of course, we wish to enjoy this splendid cruise to the fullest extent; and to enjoy ourselves in Europe, especially at Paris and the Exhibition, needs *money*. We are willing to spend any amount that may fairly be required, but we don't wish to *throw away* any money. In Europe, of course, we can't buy anything with our greenbacks. Therefore, we wish to ask you which plan would be the cheapest and best: To take greenbacks to France, and there buy French gold and silver with them; or, to buy French money in this country; or to take American gold and silver to France. If we pursue the last plan, how must we do? Can we pass our gold there amongst the people; or, must we have it exchanged, and pay a premium? Please explain the matter to us and give us your advice, which we hope soon to see in your Answers to Correspondents,—a most invaluable friend to us." Your best way would be to buy French gold coin here; although you will find no difficulty in getting rid of American coin in any part of the world. Do not take greenbacks to Europe in any event.

A Poor Father.—You are certainly a "poor" father in one sense, and that a more important one than can come from pecuniary considerations. A man who begrudges his own children the necessaries of life, because, in order to provide them, he has to curtail some of his own luxuries, is a monster of selfishness. During the reign of Charles XI. of Sweden, there was a pious old Swede named Svedborg, who was noted for his large family, his desperate poverty, and the unselfish manner in which he bore his severe trials. Instead of begrudging his children the necessaries of life, he used always to say, when so fortunate as to procure a dinner for his family, "Thank you, my children, for this meal. *I have dined with you, not you with me; for God sent us this food for your sakes, and not for mine.*" It will doubtless please every reader of the *Ledger*—possibly excepting yourself—to learn that God prospered this dear old father to such an extent that he finally became one of the richest men in that district of Sweden where he lived, and that his children all amply repaid him back the love and blessings which he so cheerfully bestowed upon them in his days of poverty.

Landwehr.—It is not very unnatural that you, being a German, should believe that Prussia, as now constituted, and wielding the entire military power of the North German Confederation, could easily overrun France and drive Louis Napoleon from his throne; and, on the other hand, it is quite natural for your French disputant to believe that the Emperor could march his legions in triumph to Berlin, as his renowned uncle did before him. In the event of a contest between Prussia and France, it would be prudent for neither side to be too sanguine of the result. It would be a war of giants, terrible in all respects, and be probably decided in favor of the victors by some accident or development which neither foresaw, nor could have foreseen.

Nephew.—Of course it is proper for you to try to dissuade your uncle from frequenting the gilded haunts of dissipation to which his dissolute companions have lead him; but you must be careful not to offend him by your *manner*. A man who has become addicted to drunkenness is apt to be exceedingly sensitive as to advice on the subject, especially from persons younger than himself. As for his companions and tempters, you can probably do nothing with them. The effect of immoderate drinking on the drunkard is like that of the cup of Circe on her victims:

"And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye."

S. K.—You being a Hebrew, undoubtedly know that the word *Sabbath* comes from *shabath*, denoting rest, and that the prime idea of the Sabbath, *as an institution*, is, a total cessation from all secular labor. By keeping this idea in mind, and then understanding that Sunday is the Christian *Sabbath*-day, you will have no difficulty in comprehending its significance. The Christian Church adopted Sunday as its Sabbath-day in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ, which occurred [illegible] the *name* of the day (Sunday) and its etymology are totally disconnected with its *religious* attributes, it having been so named because anciently dedicated to the worship of the sun.

J. E. H.—The way to perfect yourself in the art of drawing and designing is to devote yourself assiduously to its study and practice, under the best teachers that you can find. If you are so situated that you cannot get good teachers, then do the best you can without them. As you are but seventeen years old, you can afford to devote four or five years to the most zealous study and practice. Any young man who becomes a first-class, off-hand, practical designer and draughtsman, is almost certain of making fame and fortune if he unites fair business skill, temperance, and frugality with his artistic accomplishments.

G. W. H. says that he is seventeen years old, and that when he meets young ladies in the street who speak to him, he feels embarrassed and does not know what to do. "I have a notion," he says, "that I ought to bow and lift my hat to them, but I never can bring myself to do either, and so act like a frightened goose. Please tell me what I should do." You should bow and lift your hat as gracefully as possible. It is a very simple matter when you become a little used to it, although, like everything else, it is a somewhat awkward business at first.

C. R.—The best way for you to ascertain what it would cost you to "go through college" and "how you could work to pay your way as you went along," would be to write to the President of the college which you wish to enter and ask him to tell you all about such matters. Many college presidents have themselves been poor boys, and worked their way up by sheer force of nature; and a man who has had such a career is very apt to sympathize with a poor boy who is just entering upon the rugged path which he himself has trod with weary, blistered feet.

O. E.—Your "old friend" is mistaken in supposing that "Hamilton was a much greater man than Jefferson." The fact is, that Jefferson, with the single exception of Dr. Franklin, was the greatest civilian of his epoch. He was not so showy and commanding as some of his cotemporaries, but like the *silent* forces of nature which bring the most beneficent things to pass, he quietly and irresistibly moulded events, and his influence is yet moulding them.

Lancaster.—Yes, we really think that "a young lady who sat up until eleven o'clock of an evening with a young gentleman, and talked herself hoarse to entertain him, while he only answered in monosyllables, yes or no, and twiddled his thumbs, was justified in retiring and leaving him with her brother, who was there in the room writing." Such an uncompanionable youth should be left to the sole enjoyment of his own dullness.

Matrimonial Muss.—You must be a precious scamp. The coolness with which you propose to repudiate your engagement, as you state it, with "Widow No. 1, who is poor, in favor of Widow No. 2, who has money enough to support me," argues an utter lack of feeling and principle on your part. We think that "Widow No. 1" is to be congratulated, and "Widow No. 2" to be commiserated.

Copyist.—You write well enough for a copyist of law papers. The way to get employment in that capacity is to hunt it up at the law offices. A young man who has to be *helped* all the time is never apt to amount to much. Go to work and hunt up a situation for yourself, and not throw the burden of doing so upon your mother.

Inquisitive.—Fortune-telling is an unmitigated humbug and swindle, and any one who is capable of putting faith in it is always in danger of being victimized by the unprincipled charlatans who practice it. The ruin of many a young man and many a young woman has dated from the hour they first crossed a fortune-teller's threshold.

A. Z.—You should step into some Ohio lawyer's office, and ask to see the statutes of that State as to inheritance, or else state your point to the lawyer, and ask him to tell you what the law is in regard to the rights of a childless widow in the estate of her deceased husband.

A Printer.—You could probably find some of the works on oriental literature to which you refer at the Astor Library. By calling there, and looking over the catalogue, and making a few inquiries of the librarian, you might get on track of all you wish to find.

F. W.—You ought not to persuade the young lady to marry against her mother's will, but by an admirable course of conduct should persuade the mother to sanction your addresses to her daughter.

Junior.—It is never proper to write the abbreviation Jr., for junior, with a small j, thus, jr.

⁂*Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*